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LIST OF BEST ENGLISH STALLIONS FOR 1835.

To shew the "fashionable blood" of England, the value attached to certain crosses, and to illustrate the "system" of breeding, this selection has been made, from the alphabetical list, in the March number of the New Sporting Magazine, having reversed the arrangement and extended the pedigrees of all such as are advertised to cover at more than 10gs. A reference to the English Stud Book, (which we have republished,) will

shew the almost invariable rule of seeking to vary the crosses, ever mindful of preserving the blood unsullied. Breeders may hence value the blood of our late importations.

1820. *Emilius* at 50 sovs.; by *Orville*,* out of *Emily* by *Stamford*†—*Whiskey*—*Grey Dorimant* by *Dorimant*, (*Grey Diomed's dam*,)—*Blank*, &c.
1816. *Sultan* at 50 sovs.; by *Selim*, out of *Bacchante*, by *Williamson's ditto*—*Mercury*—*Herod*—*Marske*—*Regulus*, &c.
1827. *Priam* at 30 sovs.; by *Emilius*, out of *Cressida*, (*sister to Eleanor*,) by *Whiskey*—*Sorcerer's dam*, *Young Giantess*, by imp. *Diomed*—*Matchem*—*Babraham*, &c.
1813. *Bobadil* at 20 sovs.; by *Rubens*—*Skyscraper*—*Woodpecker*—*Squirrel*—*Blank*—*Cade*—*Spectator's dam* by *Partner*, &c.
1822. *Camel* at 20 sovs.; by *Whalebone*—*Selim*—*Sir Peter*—*Phenomenon*—*Florizel*, (*Sir Solomon's dam*,) *sister to Pumpkin* by *Matchem*—*the famed Squirt mare*, &c.
1825. *Colonel, The*, at 20 sovs.; by *Whiskey*—*Delpini*—*Tipplecider* by *King Fergus*—*Young Marske*—*Regulus*, &c.
1824. *Defence* at 20 sovs.; by *Whalebone*—*Rubens*—*Highland Fling*, (*by Spadille*, out of imp. *Tickle Toby's dam*,)—*Volunteer*—*Alfred*—*Marske*—*Babraham*—*Sedbury*—*Ebony* by *Childers*.
1821. *Jerry* at 20 sovs.; by *Smolensko*, out of *Louisa* by *Orville*—*Whiskey*—*Coriander*—*Highflyer*—*Matchem*, &c.
1826. *Rowton* at 20 sovs.; by *Oiseau*, (*by Camillus*—*Ruler*—*Woodpecker*,) out of *Katherina* by *Woful*—*Rubens*—*Brush*, (*brother to Pegasus by Eclipse*,)—*Herod*, &c.
1815. *Reveller* at 20 sovs.; by *Comus*—*Beningbrough*—*Rosamond* by *Tandem*—*Herod*, &c.
1822. *Actæon* at 15 sovs.; by *Scud*, out of *sister to Emily*, (*Emilius' dam*,) by *Stamford*, &c.
1827. *Cetus* at 15 sovs.; by *Whalebone*—*Gohanna*—*Woodpecker*—*Trentham*—*Blank*—*Cullen Arabian*, &c.
1817. *Langar* at 15 sovs.; by *Selim*—*Walton*—*Young Giantess* by *Diomed*, (*see Priam*,) (*Pilgrim* by *Langar*, lately deceased, was favorite for the next *St. Leger*.)
1823. *Mulatto* at 15 sovs.; by *Catton*—*Orville*—*Fanny* by *Sir Peter*, imp. *Wonder's dam* by *Phenomenon*—imp. *Diomed*—*Marske*—*Skim*—*Crab*—*Ebony* by *Childers*.

* *Orville*, (*by Beningbrough*, out of *Evelina* by *Highflyer*—*Tantum*, (*son of Cripple*—*Childers*, &c.) *Sampson*—*Regulus*—*Marske's dam*,) foaled 1799, was the best colt of his year—won the *St. Leger*, was competitor in fame to the renowned *Eleanor*, a year older, who alone has won both the *Derby* and *Oaks*, run on consecutive days—it having been undecided which was best; and as a stallion the best of his time, having covered at 50gs.

† *Stamford*, whose blood is in the highest repute, was full brother to imp. *Arch Duke*, (*winner of the Derby*, as well as his sire, *Sir Peter*,)—the sire of *Polly Hopkins' dam*, *English Arch Duke*, &c.

1817. St. Patrick at 15 sovs.; by Walton—Dick Andrews—Trumpator—Highflyer—Otho—Snap—Regulus—Wildair's dam by Steady—Partner, &c.
1825. Velocipede at 15 sovs.; by Blacklock—Juniper—Sorcerer—Sir Peter—Pot80's—Herod, &c.
1825. Zinganee at 15 sovs.; by Tramp—Young Drone—Moorcock—Trumpator, sister to imp. Diomed.
1821. Buzzard at 12gs.; by Blacklock—Delpini, (own sister to The Colonel's dam.)
1827. Emancipation at 12gs.; by Whisker—Ardrossan—Whitworth—X. Y. Z's dam by Spadille—Marske, &c. as in Mulatto's pedigree.
1823. Lamplighter at 12gs., by Merlin—Walton—Trumpator, &c. as in St. Patrick.
1824. Mameluke at 12gs.; by Partisan, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford—Buzzard—imp. Highflyer—Squirrel—the famous Regulus mare, dam of Snapdragon, &c.
1823. Rubini at 12 sovs.; by St. Patrick—Selim—Pot80's—Herod—Snap, sister to Snapdragon's dam, by Regulus, (see Mameluke.)
1816. Fungus at 11 sovs.; by Truffle—Sir Peter—Drone—Goldfinder—Old England—Cullen Arabian—Cade—Makeless, &c.
1820. Logic at 11 sovs.; by Selim—Sorcerer—Prunella by Highflyer, &c.
1826. Sir Hercules at 11 sovs.; by Whalebone—Wanderer—Alexander—Fungus' dam, by Sir Peter.
1822. Stumps at 11 sovs.; by Whalebone, out of Autocrat's grandam, by Delpini—Scota by Eclipse—Herod—Highflyer's dam by Blank, &c. &c.

The Colonel, Actæon, and Rubini, are stallions in the Royal Stud at Hampton Court. Snap by Catton—Hambletonian—Delpini; Waverly by Whalebone—Sir Peter—Highflyer—Matchem; Belzoni by Blacklock—Manuella by Dick Andrews out of Lottery's dam; Cain by Paulowitz—Paynator; Dangerous by Tramp—Defence's dam by Rubens; Hokee Pokee by Muley, out of Longwaist's dam by Dick Andrews; Margrave by Muley—Election; Peter Lely by Rubens, out of Stella by Sir Oliver; the Saddler by Waverly—Castrel; Tarrare by Catton—Sir Solomon; Voltaire by Blacklock—Phantom, and a few more, at 10gs. each. Shakspeare by Smolensko—Rubens—Beningbrough at 8gs.; &c. &c.

C. KEMBLE—HIS RIGHTS AND CLAIMS.

MR. EDITOR;

Lancaster, Feb. 27, 1835.

On this occasion of business, allow me to advert to another topic. It is in relation to our Lancaster county horse, Charles Kemble. The friends of Charles here, have, I think, just cause of complaint, (J. & J. say it with no ill feeling,) against the sporting community of your city, relative to his race with Trifle, Shark, and others on the Central

course last October. The complaint consists, not so much in the use of terms of dispraise on the part of any one, but in the fact of his name not being *mentioned at all*, either at the festive board, on the day of the race, or subsequently in that monthly periodical, the Turf Register, *where* it is the ambition of every decent, "well-bred" horse to shine, if he is desirous of even the slightest portion of this world's immortality.

It was said by some, at the time, that Charles had no business in that race. To this I would answer, that the pure blood, flowing in his veins, sprung from some of Virginia's proudest (four-legged) sons, is a sufficient passport, at all times, into any kind of society. And when thus placed in competition with the best, he has maintained the character of his high descent. To support this position, it needs not a resort to his whole life. It is sufficient to refer to the race at Washington last fall, when Charles Kemble beat Hanslap, Agility, and others, glory enough for one day; and in three weeks subsequently, (his last race,) beating Black Maria in two heats, *with ease*, at Trenton, in as quick time as Shark ever did over the same course.

Charles Kemble has passed into the hands of that veteran of the turf, Wm. R. Johnson, to be trained the ensuing spring. And in this I am free to say, that if the expectations, from the good-management, skill, and experience of Col. Johnson should be realized in the anticipated condition of the horse, as much money can and will be obtained in the way of bets between Kemble and Shark, in the spring, as will make *men* of some and very *lean pocketed* gentlemen of others.

Respectfully, yours, &c.

H. R.

ARIEL.

MR EDITOR:

Gallatin county, Tenn. Nov. 1834.

In the memoir of Ariel, I see it stated that she was beaten by Monsieur Tonson, at the Newhope, Halifax, North Carolina course, the week after they ran at Belfield, with Sally Walker and Lafayette, which is an error, as the Jockey Club purse was won by Monsieur Tonson, beating Shakspeare alone; Ariel not running during the week. In some previous numbers to the one above alluded to, I think it is stated that Monsieur Tonson was beaten, mile heats, in his first race at Cairo, Tenn. which is also an error, the race being only a single mile, which he lost, but it seems from the best information that I can get with regard to the race, he was greatly the best horse that started. If you wish to make corrections, I can furnish you the particulars of this last race, as I am near Cairo, and have acquaintance with gentlemen who witnessed it.

R. S. W.

MODERN MAIL COACHES AND HORSES.

(From the London Quarterly Review.)

1. *The Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Locomotion.* By WILLIAM KITCHENER, M.D. Third Edition. 12mo. London, 1828.

2. *The Horse and Carriage Oracle.* By JOHN JERVIS, an old Coachman. Revised by William Kitchener, M.D. author of the Cook's Oracle, &c. Third Edition. 12mo. London, 1828.

In this wonder working age, few greater improvements have been made in any of the useful arts, than in those applied to the system of travelling by land. Projectors and projects have multiplied with our years—and the fairy-petted princess of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, were scarcely transported from place to place with more facility or despatch, than Englishmen are in A. D. 1832. From Liverpool to Manchester, thirty-six miles, in an hour and a half!—sure Dædalus is come amongst us again;—but we will, for the present, confine our observations to the road—to coaches, coach horses, coachmen, and coachmasters. We are not thinking of the travelling chariot and four; though, to be sure, the report given us of Lord Londonderry's speaking in the House of Peers one night, and being at his own door in Durham the next, (two hundred and fifty miles off,) is astounding, and was a performance that no other country under the sun could accomplish, yet bribes to postillions and extra relays of horses might have been called in aid here. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves, at present, to the usual course of public conveyances;—and a sentence in the private letter of a personal friend of our own, has suggested the subject to us. 'I was out hunting,' he writes, 'last season on a *Monday*, near Brighton, and dined with my father in Merrion Square, Dublin, at six o'clock on the following *Wednesday*—distance four hundred miles!' It was done thus: he went from Brighton in an afternoon coach, that set him down in London in time for the Holyhead mail, and this mail, with the help of the steamer to cross the channel, delivered him in Dublin at the time mentioned. But expedition alone is not our boast. Coach travelling is no longer a disgusting and tedious labor, but has long since been converted into comparative ease, and really approaches to something like luxury—otherwise it could never have had any chance to engage the smallest part of the attention of that genuine 'Epicuri de grege porcus,'—the late happily-named Dr. Kitchener.

It is difficult to determine the exact period at which a stage-coach first appeared upon the road, but it seems to be pretty well ascertained, that in 1602 there were but six, and one of the wise men of

those days—John Crossell, of the Charter House—tried his best to write them down. It was supposed he had the countenance of the country gentlemen, who were afraid if their wives could get easily and cheaply conveyed to London, they might not settle so well afterwards to their domestic duties at the Hall or the Grange. We will, however, only go back ninety years. In 1742, the Oxford stage-coach left London at seven o'clock in the morning, and reached Uxbridge at mid-day. It arrived at High Wycome at five in the evening, where it rested for the night—and proceeded at the same rate for the seat of learning on the morrow. Here then were ten hours consumed each day in travelling twenty-seven miles; and nearly two days in performing what is now done with the greatest ease under six hours.

May we be permitted, since we have mentioned the Arabian Nights, to make a little demand on our reader's fancy, and suppose it possible, that a worthy old gentleman of this said year, 1742—had fallen comfortably asleep, *à la Dodswell* and never awoke till Monday morning last, in Piccadilly? 'What coach, your honor?' says a ruffianly-looking fellow, much like what he might have been had he lived a hundred years back. 'I wish to go home, to Exeter,' replies the old gentleman, mildly. 'Just in time, your honor, here she comes—them there gray horses—where's your luggage?' 'Don't be in a hurry,' observes the stranger, 'that's a gentleman's carriage.' 'It ain't! I tell you,' says the cad, 'it's the Comet, and you must be as quick as lightning.' *Nolens volens*, the remonstrating old gentleman is shoved into the Comet, by a cad at each elbow, having been three times assured his luggage is in the hind boot, and twice three times denies having ocular demonstration of the fact.

However, he is now seated—and 'What *gentleman* is going to drive us?' is his first question to his fellow passengers. 'He is no gentleman, sir,' says a person who sits opposite to him, and who happens to be a proprietor of the coach. 'He has been on the Comet ever since she started, and is a steady young man.' 'Pardon my ignorance,' replies the regenerated; 'from the cleanliness of his person, the neatness of his apparel, and the language he made use of, I mistook him for some enthusiastic Bachelor of Arts, wishing to become a charioteer after the manner of the illustrious ancients.' 'You must have been in foreign parts, sir,' observes the proprietor.

In five minutes or less, after this parley commenced, the wheels went round, and in another five the coach arrived at Hyde Park gate; but long before it got there, the worthy gentleman of 1742, (set down by his fellow travellers for either a little cracked, or an emigrant from the backwoods of America,) exclaimed, 'what! off the stones already?' 'You have never been on the stones,' observes his neighbor on his

right: 'no stones in London now, sir.' 'Bless me,' quoth our friend, 'here's a noble house; to whom does it belong? but why those broken windows, those iron blinds, and strong barricade?'" 'It is the Duke of Wellington's,' says the coach proprietor, 'the greatest captain since the days of Scipio. An ungrateful people made an attack upon his life, on the anniversary of the day upon which he won the most important battle ever fought in Europe.' Here a passenger in black, threw out something about *Alcibiades*, which, however, the rattle made it impossible to understand. 'But we are going at a great rate,' again exclaims the stranger. 'Oh no, sir,' says the proprietor, 'we never go fast over this stage. We have time allowed in consequence of being subject to interruptions, and we make it up over the lower ground.' Five-and-thirty minutes, however, bring them to the noted town of Brentford. 'Hah!' says the old man, becoming young again—'what, no improvement in this filthy place? Is old Brentford still here? a national disgrace! Pray, sir, who is your county member now?' 'His name is Hume, sir,' was the reply. 'The modern Hercules,' added the gentleman on the right, 'the real cleanser of the Augean stable.' 'A gentleman of large property in the county, I presume,' said the man of the last century. 'Not an acre,' replied the communicative proprietor, 'a Scotchman, from the town of Montrose.' 'Aye, aye, nothing like the high road to London for those Scotchmen. A great city merchant, no doubt, worth a plum or two.' 'No such thing, sir,' quoth the other; 'the gentleman was a doctor, and made his fortune in the Indies.' 'No quack, I warrant you?' The proprietor was silent; but the clergyman in the corner again muttered something which was again lost, owing to the coach coming at the instant, at the rate of ten miles in the hour, upon the vile pavement of Brentford.

In five minutes under the hour the Comet arrives at Hounslow, to the great delight of our friend, who by this time waxed hungry, not having broken his fast before starting. 'Just fifty-five minutes and thirty-seven seconds,' says he, 'from the time we left London!—wonderful travelling, gentlemen, to be sure, but much too fast to be safe. However, thank heaven, we have arrived at a good-looking house; and now, waiter! I hope you have got breakf——.' Before the last syllable, however, of the word could be pronounced, the worthy old gentleman's head struck the back of the coach by a jerk, which he could not account for; (the fact was, three of the four fresh horses were bolters,) and the waiter, the inn, and, indeed, Hounslow itself, disap-

* Nearly on the site now occupied by Apsley House, stood, in 1742, the suburban inn, the Hercules' Pillars—where squire Western put up on his arrival in town in quest of his daughter.

peared in the twinkling of eye. Never did such a succession of doors and window-shutters pass so quickly in his review before—and he hoped they might never do so again. Recovering, however, a little from his surprise—‘My dear sir,’ said he, ‘you told me we were to change horses at Hounslow? Surely, they are not so inhuman as to drive these poor animals another stage at this unmerciful rate!’ ‘Change horses, sir!’ says the proprietor; ‘why we changed them whilst you were putting on your spectacles, and looking at your watch. Only one minute allowed for it at Hounslow, and it is often done in fifty seconds, by those nimble-fingered horse keepers.’ ‘You astonish me—but really I do not like to go so fast.’ Oh, sir, we always spring them over these six miles. It is what we call the *hospital ground*.’ This alarming phrase is presently interpreted: it intimates that horses whose ‘backs are getting down instead of up in their work,’—some ‘that won’t hold an ounce down hill, or draw an ounce up,’—others ‘that kick over the pole one day and over the bars the next,’—in short all the reprobates, styled in the road slang *bokickers*, are sent to work these six miles—because here they have nothing to do but to gallop—not a pebble as big as a nutmeg on the road, and so even, that it would not disturb the equilibrium of a spirit level.

The coach, however, goes faster and faster over the *hospital ground*, as the ‘bokickers’ feel their legs, and the collars get warm to their shoulders; and having ten outsides, the luggage of the said ten, and a few extra packages besides on the roof, she rolls rather more than is pleasant, although the centre of gravity is pretty well kept down by four not slender insides, two well-laden *boots*, and three huge trunks in the *slide*. The gentleman of the last century, however, becomes alarmed;—is sure the horses are running away with the coach—declares he perceives by the shadow that there is nobody on the box, and can see the reins dangling about the horses’ heels. He attempts to look out the window, but his fellow traveller dissuades him from doing so:—‘You may get a shot in your eye from the wheel. Keep your head in the coach, it’s all right, depend on’t. We always spring ’em over this stage.’ Persuasion is useless; for the horses increase their speed, and the worthy old gentleman looks out. But what does he see? Death and destruction before his eyes?—No: to his surprise he finds the coachman firm at his post, and in the act of taking a pinch of snuff from the gentleman who sits beside him on the bench, his horses going at the rate of three miles in the minute at the time. ‘But suppose any thing should break, or a linchpin should give way and let a wheel loose?’ is the next appeal to the communicative but not very consoling proprietor. ‘Nothing can break, sir,’ is the reply;

'all of the very best stuff; axle-trees of the best K. Q. iron, faggotted edgeways, well bedded in the timbers; and as for linchpins, we have not one about the coach. We use the best patent boxes that are manufactured. In short, sir, you are as safe in it as if you were in your bed.' 'Bless me,' exclaims the old man, 'what improvements! And the roads!!!' 'They are at perfection, sir,' says the proprietor; 'no horse walks a yard in this coach between London and Exeter—all trotting ground now.' 'A little *galloping* ground, I fear,' whispered the senior to himself! 'But who has effected all this improvement in your paving?' 'An American of the name of M'Adam,' was the reply,—'but coachmen call him the Colossus of Roads. Great things have likewise been done in cutting through hills and altering the course of roads; and it is no uncommon thing now-a-days, to see four horses trotting away merrily down hill, on that very ground where they formerly were seen walking up hill.*

'And pray, my good sir, what sort of horses may you have over the next stage?' 'Oh, sir, no more bokickers. It is hilly and severe ground, and requires cattle strong and staid. You'll see four as fine horses put to the coach at Staines, as you ever saw in a nobleman's carriage in your life.' 'Then we shall have no more gallopping—no more springing them, as you term it?' 'Not quite so fast over the next ground,' replied the proprietor; 'but he will make good play over some part of it; for example, when he gets three parts down a hill he lets them loose, and cheats them out of half the one they have to ascend from the bottom of it. In short, they are half way up it before a horse touches his collar; and we must take every advantage with such a fast coach as this, and one that loads so well, or we should never keep our time. We are now to a minute; in fact, the country people no longer look at the *sun* when they want to set their clocks; they look only to the *Comet*. But depend upon it, you are quite safe, we have nothing but first rate artists on this coach.' 'Artist! artist!' grumbles the old gentleman, 'we had no such term as that.'

'I should like to see this *artist* change horses at the next stage,' resumes our ancient, 'for at the last it had the appearance of magic,—“Presto, Jack, and begone!”' 'By all means; you will be much gratified. It is done with a quickness and ease almost incredible to any one who has only read or heard of it; but use becomes second nature with us. Even in my younger days it was always half an

* All roads through hilly countries were originally struck out by drivers of pack-horses; who, to avoid bogs, chose the upper ground;—consequently, it often happened, that point B was lower than point A; yet to go from A to B, the traveller ascended a hill to secure sound footing, and then descended to his point.

hour's work—sometimes more. There was—'Now ladies and gentlemen what would you like to take? There's plenty of time while the horses are changing for tea, coffee, or supper; and the coachman will wait for you—won't you, *Mr. Smith?*' Then Mr. Smith himself was in no hurry; he had a lamb about his coach for one butcher in town, and, perhaps, half a calf for another, a barrel of oysters for the lawyer, and a basket of game for the parson, *all on his own account*. In short, the best wheel of the coach was his, and he could not be otherwise than accommodating.

The coach arrives at Staines, and the ancient gentleman puts his intentions into effect,—though he was near being again too late; for by the time he could extract his hat from the netting that suspended it over his head, the leaders had been taken from their bars, and were walking up the yard towards their stables. On perceiving a fine thoroughbred horse led towards the coach, with a twitch fastened tightly to his nose, he exclaims,—'Halloo, Mr. Horse-keeper? You are going to put an unruly horse in the coach.' 'What! this here oss?' growls the man; 'the quietest *hanimal* alive, sir?' as he shoves him to the near side of the pole. At this moment, however, the coachman is heard to say, in somewhat of an under tone,—'Mind what you are about, Bob; don't let him touch the roller-bolt.' In thirty seconds more they are off—'the staid and steady team,' so styled by the proprietor,—in the coach. 'Let 'em go, and take care of yourselves,' says the artist, as soon as he is firmly seated upon his box.—With this, the near leader rears right on end, and if the rein had not been yielded to him at the instant, he would have fallen backwards on the head of the pole. The moment the twitch was taken from the nose of the thoroughbred near-wheeler, he drew himself back to the extent of his pole-chain—his fore legs stretched out before him—and then like a lion loosened from his toil, made a snatch at the coach that would have broken two pairs of traces of 1742. A steady and good-whipped horse, however, his partner, started the coach himself, with a gentle touch of the thong, and away they went off together. But the thoroughbred one was very far from being comfortable; it was in vain that the coachman tried to soothe him with his voice, or stroke him with the crop of his tool, i. e. *whip*. He drew three parts of the coach, and cantered for the first mile, and when he did settle down to his trot, his snorting could be heard by the passengers, being as much as to say, 'I was not born to be a slave.' In fact, as the proprietor now observed,—'he had been a fair plate horse in his time, but his temper was always queer.'

After the first shock was over, the conservative of the eighteenth century felt comfortable. The pace was considerably slower than it

had been over the last stage, but he was unconscious of the reason for its being diminished. It was to accommodate the queer temper of the racehorse, who, if he had not been humored at starting, would never have settled down to his trot, but have ruffled all the rest of the team. He was also surprised, if not pleased, at the quick rate at which they were ascending hills which, in his time, he should have been asked by the coachman to have walked up—but his pleasure was short-lived; the third hill they descended, produced a return of his agony. This was what is termed on the road *a long fall of ground*, and the coach rather pressed upon the horses. The temper of the racehorse became exhausted; breaking into a canter, he was of little use as a wheeler, and there was then nothing for it but a gallop. The leaders only wanted the signal; and the point of the thong being thrown lightly over their backs, they were all off like an arrow out of a bow: but the rocking of the coach was awful, and more particularly so to the passengers on the roof. Nevertheless, she was not in danger: the master-hand of the artist kept her in a direct line; and meeting the opposing ground, she *steadied*, and all was right. The newly-awakened gentleman, however, begins to grumble again. 'Pray my good sir,' says he anxiously—'do use your authority over your coachman, and *insist* upon his putting the drag-chain on the wheel, when descending the next hill.' 'I have no such authority,' replies the proprietor. 'It is true, we are now drawn by my horses, but I cannot interfere with the driving of them.' 'But is he not your servant?' 'He is, sir, but I contract to work the coach so many miles in so many hours, and he engages to drive it, and each is subject to a fine if the time be not kept on the road. On so fast a coach as this, every advantage must be taken, and if we were to drag down such hills as these, we should never reach Exeter to-day.'

Our friend, however, will have no more of it. He quits the coach at Bagshot, congratulating himself on the safety of his limbs. He takes, however, one peep more at the *change*, which is done with the same despatch as before—three greys and a pie-ball replacing three chestnuts and a bay—the harness beautifully clean, and the ornaments bright as the sun. Not a word is spoken by the passengers, who merely look their admiration; but the laconic address of the coachman is not lost on the by-standers. 'Put the bay mare *near wheel* to-morrow, and the stallion *up to the cheek*,' said he, to his horse-keeper, as he placed his right foot on the *roller-bolt*, i. e. the last step but one to the box. 'How is Paddy's leg?' 'It's all right, sir,' replied the horse keeper. 'Let 'em go, then,' quoth the artist, 'and take care of yourselves.'

The worthy old gentleman is now shown into a room, and, after

warming his hands at the fire, rings the bell for the waiter. A well-dressed person appears, whom he, of course, takes for the landlord. 'Pray, *sir*,' says he, 'have you any *slow* coach down this road to-day?' 'Why, yes, *sir*,' replies John; 'we shall have the Regulator down in an hour.' 'Just right,' said our friend, 'it will enable me to break my fast, which I have not done to-day.' 'Oh, *sir*,' observes John, 'these here fast *drags* be the ruin of us. 'Tis all hurry scurry, and no gentleman has time to have nothing on the road. What will you take, *sir*? Mutton-chops, veal-cutlets, beef-steaks?'

At the appointed time, the Regulator appears at the door. It is a strong, well-built *drag*, painted what is called chocolate color; bedaubed all over with gilt letters—a bull's head on the doors, a Saracen's head on the hind boot—and drawn by four strapping horses; but it wants the neatness of the other. The passengers may be, by a shade or two, of a lower order than those who had gone forward with the Comet; nor perhaps is the coachman quite so refined as the one we have just taken leave of. He has not the neat white hat, the clean doeskin gloves, the well-cut trousers, and dapper frock, but still his appearance is respectable, and perhaps in the eyes of many, more in character with his calling. Neither has he the agility of the artist on the Comet, for he is nearly double his size; but he is a strong, powerful man, and might be called a pattern card of the heavy coachman of the present day—in other words, of a man who drives a coach which carries sixteen passengers instead of fourteen, and is rated at eight miles in the hour, instead of ten. 'What room in the Regulator?' says our friend to the waiter, as he comes to announce its arrival. 'Full inside, *sir*, and in front, but you'll have the *backgammon board* all to yourself, and your luggage is in the hind boot.' 'Backgammon board! Pray what's that? Do you not mean the *basket*?' Oh no, *sir*,' says John, smiling—'no such a thing on the road now. It is the hind dickey, as some call it; where you'll be as comfortable as possible, and can sit with your back or your face to the coach, or *both* if you like.' 'Ah, ah,' continues the old gentleman; 'something new again, I presume.' However, the mystery is cleared up; the ladder is reared up to the hind wheel, and the gentleman safely seated on the backgammon board.

Before ascending to his place, our friend has cast his eye on the team that is about to convey him to Hertford Bridge, the next stage on the great western road, and he perceives it to be of a different stamp from that which he had seen taken from the coach at Bagshot. It consisted of four moderate sized horses, full of power, and still fuller of condition, but with a fair sprinkling of blood—in short, the eye of a judge would have discovered something about them not very

unlike galloping. 'All right!' cried the guard, taking his key-bugle in his hand; and they proceeded up the village, at a steady pace, to the tune of 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' and continued at that pace for the first five miles. '*I am landed,*' thinks our friend to himself. Unluckily, however, for the humane and cautious old gentleman, even the Regulator was now to show tricks. Although what is now called a slow coach, she is timed at eight miles in the hour through a great extent of country, and must of course make play where she can, being strongly opposed by hills lower down the country, trifling as these hills are, no doubt, to what they once were. The Regulator, moreover, loads well, not only with passengers, but with luggage; and the last five miles of this stage, called the Hertford-bridge flat, have the reputation of being the best five miles for a coach to be found at this time in England. The ground is firm, but elastic; the surface undulating, and therefore favorable to draught; always dry, not a shrub being near it; nor is there a stone upon it much larger than a marble. These advantages, then, are not lost to the Regulator, or made use of without sore discomposure to the solitary tenant of her backgammon board.

(To be continued.)

WILD MEDLEY.

MR. EDITOR:

York District, S. C. April 23, 1835.

I am much pleased to find the pedigree of Wild Medley undergoing an investigation in the pages of the Register. It would gratify me much to see his blood regularly and accurately authenticated. I knew him well, whilst in York District, S. C., and believe that I am in possession of all the *facts*, that are known here in relation to him. Hoping that a brief detail of these, will not be unacceptable to those interested in his stock, and will enable such to prosecute a further inquiry into his pedigree, I will here give them.

Wild Medley was purchased in July, 1824, in Mecklenburg county, N. C., of Mr. William E. Clarke, the agent of Mr. John Savage the owner of the horse, (both of Virginia,) by Dr. E. Jennings, of York District, S. C., for \$650. The receipt I saw this morning in the possession of Dr. Jennings. The county in which Mr. Savage resides is not known here; it is believed, however, to be Albemarle. It is thought highly probable that W. Morrison, Esq. of Charlotte, N. C., could give accurate information on this subject. The handbill of Wild Medley, for the year 1825, which is before me, states that he was "raised by Capt. Samuel Washington, of Virginia, and got by the

old imp. Mendoza;* his dam by the imp. horse Pensacola;† his grandam by Lindsay's Arabian; his great grandam by old Fearnought, with a cross of old Rockingham and the Arabian Ranger." This bill was a copy of that furnished with the horse. No other information is contained in it. After passing through the ownership of several individuals, Wild Medley became the property of Mr. Gallant. In his hands the horse was greatly neglected: so much so, that he became almost valueless. This was in the fall of 1829. Mr. Savage being called to this country, at this time, on business, and learning the situation of the horse, went to Gallant, to whom he was then unknown, and re-purchased the horse "for a song." After recruiting him at Charlotte for some time, it is understood that Mr. Savage returned with him to Virginia, where the horse died shortly after. This statement of the re-purchase I had from Mr. Gallant himself.

The remarks of your correspondent "D," in your April Number, respecting Wild Medley, as identifying him with Omega and the (Halifax) Wild Medley, I must confess, I do not well understand. If "D" means to assert the *fact*, that they are one and the same horse, I would be far, very far, from even intimating a dissenting opinion. The assertion, if intended to be made, would command my ready belief. I incline, however, from his language, to believe that "D" designs his remarks as mere matter of *opinion*. If so, I feel satisfied he will indulge me in a scrutiny of that opinion, and the reasons he assigns for it.

Your correspondent, speaking, no doubt, from the information of others, says:—

"The man who took him, (Wild Medley,) to the upper part of North Carolina was a knowing one, from the Old Dominion, and in order to pass him off as twelve or fifteen years younger than his true age, he called him a grandson of Medley, and only about thirteen."

In the first place, then, the evidence contained in the handbill of the horse itself contradicts this assertion attributed to Mr. Savage, of calling his horse "a grandson of Medley." Mr. Savage could, cer-

* The pedigree of Mendoza, according to Edgar, and not yet published in the Register, is as follows:

"A bay horse, bred by Mr. Broadhurst; foaled in 1788—got by Javelin—Paymaster—Pomona by King Herod—Snap—Regulus—Hip—the large Hartley mare, got by Hartley's Blind Horse—Flying Whig by Williams' Woodstock Arabian—Points by the Saint Victor's Barb—Whynot, a son of the Fenwick Barb."

† Pensacola is arranged by Mr. Edgar, among the Spanish horses, and it is said of him:—"Nothing known of this horse, except that he was a tolerably good foal-getter."

tainly, get clear of several years of his horse's age by this trick, but he could not have made him "a grandson of Medley" by bestowing his paternity on the "imp. Mendoza." This is a trap, in which "a knowing one from the Old Dominion" would not be caught. Besides, is it likely, that "a knowing one from the Old Dominion" would be anxious to disown, for the only living son, the paternity of that horse "of unparalleled beauty and symmetry," and of "whom and his *stock*, almost *incredible* things were said?" I am compelled to think—not. But above all this—it is said by those here, who became best acquainted with Mr. Savage, that he had the reputation of being a *gentleman*, backed by that of intelligence and wealth. Is it probable then, he would attempt to palm an entire false and made up pedigree on a confiding community? Charity forbids it.

From these considerations, I am compelled to the opinion for the present, that the pedigree, as given in the handbill, approaches much nearer probability than that of his being a son of old Medley. Further information, which I hope may be elicited, (and which is the great aim of these remarks,) will certainly correct that opinion, if wrong. Names are now given which may enable the owners of Wild Medley stock to extend their inquiries. W.

HENRY TONSON.

MR. EDITOR:

Gallatin, Tenn. April 2, 1835.

No. 7, vol. 6, has arrived,—I went expressly to see Troye's painting of Henry Tonson, but was disappointed. Bannerman's engraving, I expect, will pass for a good likeness. Looking at the picture in front, the neck and fore legs will be too short; but the artist, I apprehend, has so disposed the figure as to present the hind quarter, in which Henry excels, in the most prominent point of view.

The height of this celebrated and popular horse, at the withers and loins, was taken accurately, and furnishes the comparative lengths of his fore and hind quarters. More particularity was to be avoided, and in future the writer will not care to measure, till the veterinary surgeons and animal painters shall lay down rules for measuring. Gentlemen with the best intentions, who are not skilled, and professedly skilled in the anatomy of the horse, differ so greatly in their modes of measuring, that comparative admeasurements cannot be fully relied on. I consider, however, the subject of this notice very good in the hips, and in the stifles, and very long from the hips to the hock.

On a pedigree I feel more at home, than in a gallery of paintings, or, in fact, on a green at a show of living thoroughbreds. In either of the last situations, I can form my own opinions, and used to be

willing to abide the result, without an inclination to impress those opinions on others. To pedigrees I have paid more attention than the importance of the subject deserves, and would maintain my opinion against the elder Weatherby, and have, by comparing his own books, detected some few errors, and lamented several important omissions.* The memoirist has probably fallen into error in copying a wrong pedigree of Pacolet. If he will look at p. 372, same No. he will be induced to substitute Silvereye for Babraham. If he doubt, let him look at v. 3, p. 263—4. Wonder.—The pedigree also of Brimmer,† in this memoir, is probably wrong. From my boyhood, I have never doubted that he was a son of Eclipse, (Harris's.) The information was received from one, who had the strongest inducement to be correctly informed, and the short memoir at p. 27, v. 2, (see also p. 51,) ought to negative the claims of Valiant. C.

P. S.—I have twice stated to you, heretofore, that Bagdad is this season a public stallion at Alderson's, Nashville.

INQUIRIES RESPECTING SIR HANCOCK.

MR. EDITOR:

Green county, Alab. February 24, 1835.

It is stated in vol. 2, No. 3, page 147, at the Hillsboro' N. C. races, which commenced Sept. 27th,—“W. H. Phillips' b. c. Sir Hancock, by North Carolinian,” &c.; he was then entered as a two year old. Vol. 4, No. 4, page 208, Hillsboro' races, of 1832,—“Josiah Turner's b. c. Sir Hancock, by North Carolinian, three years old,” &c.—same races, second day, Josiah Turner's b. c. Sir Hancock, by North Carolinian, three years old,” &c. Vol. 4, No. 10, page 544, Norfolk, Virginia races,—“J. S. Garrison's b. h. Sir Hancock, five years old, by Carolinian, dam by Sir Archy,” &c.

In the handbills of this Sir Hancock, he is given the credit of all these races, and it is there stated “he was gotten by North Carolinian, his dam by Dungannon,” &c. The horse is said also to have been raised in North Carolina. I feel it a duty to try to get the facts

* Old Chestnut Janus, Old Silvereye, Selima, Calista, &c. are not to be found in Weatherby, and very many of the early, and some of the later importations are not noted as sent to America.

† At the foot of the last page, 372, Sam'l Ringgold also gives Brimmer erroneously, and concludes, Silvereye, Valiant, and Jolly Roger, all of the highest esteem. Eclipse was not inferior to either, and better authenticated than the two first; by the renowned Fearnought out of Baylor's Shakespeare mare, whom Philip, in the American Farmer, ranks with the best imported mares.

respecting this horse, and if you will make the inquiry through the Register, in your own way, I hope some public spirited gentleman will give the true history of Sir Hancock, be it for weal or for woe, but I hope for the best.

And since I am requesting favors of others, I will answer, as far as I am able, an inquiry respecting old Quicksilver.—“In the year 1805, old Quicksilver stood at the Island Ford, on Saluda river, in Lawrence District, under the management of Seth Fuqua, and, (I think, Edward Jerdon,) he had stood at the same place in 1804, and was taken to Georgia, from that neighborhood. He was perfectly white, his ears foxed short; and his neck entirely fallen to the right side, what I believe they term “crest fallen.” It was stated then that he was gotten by old imported Medley, and that he had run successfully in the hands of Col. Tayloe, of Caroline county, Va.

Since I have began, I will state an error in the Register, but it is one of a harmless nature, yet I know you aim at accuracy. The Tuskaloosa, Alabama, races is stated, in vol. 3, No. 7, page 361, to have commenced on the 3rd December, 1831, which is correct, and the report signed by W. G. P. is also correct; and same vol. page 537, the races are stated to have commenced on the 7th February, which is erroneous, it is a repetition of the same races. I have lived in this state thirteen years, and been well acquainted in the town of Tuskaloosa during that time, and have been at every Jockey Club race that ever has been run there. And I do assure you, there never was a Jockey Club race run at Tuskaloosa in February;—nor was Peggy Madee, or Wild Will of the Woods, (Pilot,) ever at Tuskaloosa, except the December races, 1831.

G.

ON SUMMERING HUNTERS.

[In proof of the natural hardiness of the horse, and that they do not require warm houses to shelter them, even from bad weather, we will here mention, that on the farm of a most valued friend of the Editor, residing near Elkton, he saw early last spring two horses—one a gelding four years old, the other a filly of three—both of them of good size, large enough, and both in full flesh and *excellent health and condition*. They had run through the *whole winter*, in a lot of about ten acres, with a southern exposure; having free access to some stacks of good clover hay, and pure water to drink, at pleasure. Neither had received a single seed of grain, nor had they been put up or sheltered *in any way* throughout the winter. Every one remembers the extreme severity of the winter—yet these animals were, as we said above, in the most perfect order. Neat cattle, it is probable, stand more in need of shelter than horses. The case above

stated *proves*, that on good sound sweet hay and pure water, *ad libitum*: horses not used will remain without going under cover, *in full health* and high condition, throughout the most inclement winter.]

(From the Annals of Sporting.)

I perfectly agree with T. as, indeed, every rational person must, that "in our treatment of the horse, we should adhere as strictly to nature as the domesticated situation of the hunter will allow;" but, as his mode of life is artificial, and the exertions to which he is put are infinitely greater than in his natural state, he undoubtedly requires artificial treatment, and particular and extra care to enable him to go through these extra exertions.

I am one of those who find it best, generally, to pursue a middle course. The sweeping declaration that Nimrod has blazoned forth, "that a hunter ought *never to be turned out*, but that to keep him at work *on the road* is preferable to turning out to grass," and this affirmed in the most unqualified manner, without any discrimination as to the variety of states a number of horses may be in at the end of the season, or without any reference to the difference of their work; this, I say, is quite preposterous. On the other hand, I am not a bit more disposed to agree with those who recommend that *in all cases* indiscriminately horses should be *turned out*.

Where a horse has been hard worked all through the season, I maintain he decidedly wants turning out; his legs are, probably, banged about and puffed, his feet, perhaps, contracted. Why not then apply the remedy pointed out by nature, of turning him out to grass, by which his sinews are braced, and legs and feet cooled and restored to their usual elasticity? Or his blood is most likely heated—what better alternative can there be than the spring grass to cleanse his body, purify his blood, and invigorate his frame? Here Nimrod might, perhaps, say, that horses are apt to catch colds and diseases from the change of food, the contrast from warm clothing and a stable to the open air; but, I reply, this objection does not hold against the system itself, it is the *ignorance as to the proper mode of applying it, or gross neglect of the way of following it up that does the mischief*. If, instead of gradually hardening a horse by taking off his clothes piecemeal, as it were, and at last putting him into a loose box, with all the windows open, and without any body-covering, just previously to pasturing, people choose to turn him direct from the stable into the open air, and, instead of finding a good pasture of sweet wholesome grass to turn him into, send him into a swamp of rank weeds, I say they do not give the system a fair trial.

On the other hand, supposing a horse to have been but little worked

through the season, to be clean on his legs, his blood cool, and, in fact, in good condition; I then say, it is a pity to throw that horse out of condition by turning him out, only to get him into condition again afterwards; in fact, he does not want turning out at all: a little soiling in the stable, in the summer, is all he requires; and by this means he will not be out of condition the whole year.

An acquaintance of mine, who is very particular about his horses, makes use of, what I think, an excellent plan to guard against flies. During the hot weather, when these torments are troublesome, he has his hunters brought into a loose box in the stables at six o'clock every morning, they remain there during the day, and are turned out again at six o'clock in the evening; they have a feed of corn in the day, and the windows in the loose box are taken out and fly-wire substituted, by which plan they escape having such an annoyance as a fly near them, and by this means they derive all the benefits of turning out, from the grass, which they pick up of a night, and the evening dews, without the molestation of flies, so injurious to a hunter's legs, and such a source of torment to him, from the thinness of his skin, (owing to stable discipline,) and from being unaccustomed to the open air, as well as from being deprived, by fashion, of his natural defence, viz: his tail.

I am sure T. will forgive me for endeavoring to set him right where I think he is under an error; I mean in his argument concerning the effects of heat and cold on horses. Now I admit that Arabia is the country most congenial to the horse, and in which he exhibits the greatest beauty and perfection of form; but I know, on the authority of a friend of mine, who has travelled through part of it, and who has lived with people who have bestowed much attention in their travels in Arabia on Arab horses, that the genuine Arab, of pure and unmixed breed, is a compact little animal of the most perfect symmetry, but very small, and rarely exceeding fourteen hands two inches; and the purest specimen of the Arab breed that there has been in England for many years is Pet, now covering at Hayne's livery-stables, London. This, however, is not one of the most perfect race of all, though the most perfect that we have had lately in England; but those horses that have been shown as Arabs, standing some fifteen hands one inch, or two inches, are very far from being pure Arabs—they are only eastern horses, with, perhaps, a cross of Arab blood; many are Turks, others Persian horses. Heat has a disposition to compress every thing, and thus the inhabitants of Arabia are a small race of people, but very active and muscular, very thin skinned, with small, but strong bones; and it is, therefore, to the heat of the climate, joined to the total want of all succulent food, that the smallness of

the Arab horse is to be attributed. The Shetland ponies, on the other hand, I cannot consider as owing their diminutiveness to the climate, but to their being naturally a small breed, and to the food in those parts being very scanty and not succulent, since it is well known that large horses may be bred sometimes in cold climates, as long as they have good pastures.

I forgot to mention that the experiment has been tried of breeding from a small Arab horse and Arab mare in England, and the offspring has invariably turned out nearly a hand higher than its parents.

A STAUNCH SPORTSMAN.

HEREDITARY RESEMBLANCES.

MR. EDITOR:

I have been somewhat struck with the article in a late number of the Register, entitled "Hereditary Resemblances;" and it must be apparent, that the theory advanced, must be either sustained or abandoned by facts alone. I have had some experience in breeding, and so far as it goes, it is certainly opposed to this theory.

I will, with your permission, submit a few facts, and deem it important to be minute. It is stated that, "Haller has remarked that the mare seems to be deteriorated by her intercourse with the ass, and that the future offspring of the mare, resemble the ass in features and properties." "Another distinguished physiologist has made a similar observations, the succeeding foals of such mares being remarked for their endurance, obstinacy, and other characteristic *asinine* qualities."

About nineteen years ago, I bred two mares that were, at least, half blooded, to an ass of good size and form. One of these mares was a golden sorrel, or what is now more fashionably called, a bright chestnut, with light mane and tail, she had a fine coat for her blood; and was an animal of good figure. After producing a fine mule foal, she was put to a horse, but was not impregnated; the horse proved to be not very certain, and she had, moreover, a suckling at her foot. The ensuing spring she was put to a thoroughbred son of old Gray Diomed, which was an aged horse—and produced me a filly, which proved to be one of the most valuable animals I ever possessed. This sorrel mare had been bred to several horses of value before coming into my possession. I had seen the whole progeny, and can safely aver, that none of them were equal to this filly, in beauty, fine action, and *delicacy of coat*. Now, be it remembered, that this filly was produced after her intercourse with the ass—and the mare was subsequently bred to asses as long as she lived. I have frequently pointed the filly out in my fields to persons who were walking with me, and

asked them, if it did not appear strange, that such long eared, coarse haired animals as the mules were, should be the offspring of the same mare. This filly was a bright bay, without any white—and free from any “characteristic asinine qualities.” Her sire was white, but the skin perfectly black. It has been said, that the male impresses the vascular system. It is important also to show, that none of these “asinine properties” were apparent in the next generation—that is to say, that the offspring of this bay filly, which proved to be an admirable brood mare, for a three-quarter bred—was entirely free from these “Hereditary Resemblances,” and other qualities peculiar to the ass. Her first foal was from a large coarse bay horse. It was a bright chestnut, taking its color from the grandam. As I did not like the sire, and it proved to be a very large mare, and handsome withal; this also was put to an ass, and has been so continued. But the bay mare was exclusively bred to horses, on account of the value of her foals. She was put to three different bay horses in succession, and produced bay colts of fine color, and all of them with uncommonly fine coats. Now, I regard the *ear and the coarse coat* of the mule, as its most striking characteristic. One of these colts was from a thoroughbred son of Sir Archy—and had the *Archy ear*. The others had beautiful ears, and one of them especially, had the most beautiful rainbow neck, and finely tapered ear that I ever sat behind in my life. They were, in general, horses of fine temper, easily broke to harness, handsome, and spirited. I may add, also, that this bay mare was very remarkable for her fine carriage of tail and head, which she transmitted to most of her offspring. The ass and his offspring are invariably the reverse, in these respects. The other mare which was bred to an ass, as before mentioned, about nineteen years ago—from an accident slipped her foal, and eight days thereafter, was put to the same son of Gray Diomed, and also produced a bay filly. This was made a present to a relation—grew up a pretty mare, rather under size; but remarkable for a very fine coat of hair; gentle and tractable in gear, with good spirit. This mare produced but two foals, and died with yellow water. I knew both her colts—they were also free from “asinine qualities.” I have bred other mares to asses, but having continued to raise mules from them, of course, no inferences can be drawn from them, respecting hereditary resemblances. But the two cases mentioned, are strongly against the theory advanced—that the genital organs of the mare are affected by her intercourse with the ass; and that her subsequent offspring are deteriorated—resembling the ass in features and properties. A very remarkable mule two years old, died in my neighborhood a few months ago. It was more beautifully spotted than the leopard—not only the entire body, but the

eyes and ears also. The parts of generation perfectly white—the spots were white, on a dark ground. The form of the mule was very compact and handsome, not with the drooping croup peculiar to that animal, but like a well formed horse. The dam was slightly spotted; she looked as if milk had been spilt on her rump—but the sire was distinctly spotted on the rump and other parts of the body, and was also well made in the rump and quarters. The mule, therefore, took his color, highly improved too, and form also from the grandsire. I have contributed my small mite to the elucidation of this question; I hope others possessed of more ability and experience will not withhold their aid.

O.

[We take the liberty of appending to the above, the subject being somewhat akin, a curious fact, communicated to us lately, by Mr. Moale, a most respectable farmer. It was the fact of a sow, having two distinct *accouchments*, with an interval of from Saturday in one week, to Wednesday in the next, having at each time a litter of healthy pigs.]

(From the Georgian.)

A RACE.

Strike aloud the signal drum, to call
Each well trained racer from his stall;
Drive back the anxious crowd from where
Rider and steed would both prepare,
For warm contention in the race;
Let all be calm, and silence grace
The scene,—for now 'tis wrong to let
Vain noise the coursers spirits fret;
The judges now must nicely weigh,
What deeply may affect the day;
The rider—in his garment neat;
His saddle, bridle,—all must meet
The scrutiny of rule;—mount, mount,—
Urged by expectancy, the fount
Of joy will burst,—it can't lie still,
When so much tends its source to fill.
Are all prepared?—they are,—then go;—
Away, away;—the torrent's flow
Is not more rapid in its course,
Than is each proud, ambitious horse,
That springs elastic in the race;
And see, oh! see,—over whose face,—

Upon the circle of whose brow,
Does sorrow darkly lower now?
Man here finds something to destroy
The stings of life; and full soul'd joy
Hath found a tone in woman's voice,
Which tells, how she, too, can rejoice.

See how they struggle, side by side,
As if together they were tied;
The smoke-like breath each nostril breathes,
Meets warmly, and together wreathes;
The riders now, in kindness bland,
May speed them onward, hand in hand;
Were not their tongues by caution bound,
They might exchange their greeting sound;—
But one is passing,—yet they both,
To yield, or check their pace seem loth;
A neck of one's uncover'd,—then—
'Tis hiding—now 'tis hid again;—
Once more together, on they move,—
But now they must their power prove;
The goal is seen, the prize is there,
And those who will their speed compare;—
The eagle, as he downward darts,
To sieze his prey, but scarcely parts
The air more true and quick, than do
These noble steeds, contending who
Shall win the palm, the golden prize,
And the good fame that never dies.

Onward, and swifter—see—they come;
Loud words have dwindled to a hum;
Intenseness reigns through hope or fear,
For doubtless issue hang not there;—
They're up—they pass,—the race is done,—
And justice crowns the favored one;
Yet must retain some little meed
Of praise, to give that vanquished steed,
So valiantly he did his part,
For oft he did induce the heart
Of each who "back'd" him to delight,
As they beheld his rapid flight.

But mark the conqueror, see him move,
As if he did his calling love;

It seems a soul doth truly lie
Deep in his heart,—behold his eye,
Sparkling with intellectual rays,
As if full well he knew the praise,
Arising now so high and loud,
Were his—and makes him feel thus proud.

HAROLD.

SNIFE SHOOTING ON SPESUTIA ISLAND.

MR. EDITOR:

Baltimore, April 27, 1835.

"Why, sir, they are so numerous, and so tame, you can thrash them down with hoop poles," is a remark I have frequently heard made respecting this island, and have often been assured that it was no unusual thing for the seine haulers to procure themselves a breakfast of fine jack snipe, by going on this thrashing expedition for a few minutes, in the marsh, with hoop poles. Such a glowing description of where "game" was so plenty, and so *easy come-atable*, you may be sure, kindled in me the flame of curiosity to "see and try it." Accordingly in company with my friend, (Major W. P.) a keen persevering good sportsman, who has no fastidious pride or apprehensive fear of a wet stocking, a little marsh mud, or a musk-rat hole. We left here for Spesutia on the morning of the 24th inst. at about one o'clock, and arrived on the "marsh" of "action" at nine. We took no dog along, having been previously assured that would be an useless appendage to the "gun" where game was so plenty. Into the marsh we went, half leg deep in mud and water, in walking about 50 or 60 yards, up got five or six snipe and we brought down three out of the "wisp." Went to re-loading—the butt of my gun, by the time I returned my ramrod, had sunk about 4 inches and myself about 10 in mud and water, which made it somewhat difficult in getting under headway again, without leaving my boots behind. The birds we found all out among the flags and cat-tails in the middle of the marsh, very wild and not so numerous as I had expected to find them, (even after making due allowance for the microscopic eyes of those who had reported them to be so numerous and tame,) and never in the course of all my shooting, did I experience so tiresome and difficult a marsh to shoot on, there appeared no part of it firm enough to "steady ourselves on."

"Whilst we pursued the uncertain mark with swift address,
To catch the fleeting moment of success."

The sportsman that goes to *Spesutia* a snipe shooting, calculating upon a successful day, with but little exertion or fatigue, will return disappointed. After firing a few rounds, the birds became extremely wild and difficult of approach, and those we succeeded in getting were perseveringly pursued and brought down at long shots. We bagged in this day's shooting 31 snipe, and 2 plovers, the latter are just getting plenty on the island. We lost nine snipe, after being shot down, among the cat-tails, for the want of a dog, (which every sportsman should take along with him for those deep and extensive marshes.) After shooting about half the day, the lock of my left barrel was rendered useless by breaking, but for this accident, no doubt, we should have got a dozen more birds. Now, Mr. Editor, I do not wish to be understood as "saying," that birds in the season are not to be found here as numerous as any reasonable sportsman could desire, but he will have to work hard to get them, through long, deep, and fatiguing marshes, with a zeal and perseverance that will not tire, and only such sportsmen will suit the meridian of *Spesutia* Island for snipe shooting.

J.

DUCK SHOOTING IN GEORGIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GEORGIAN:

Savannah, Feb. 14, 1835.

Dear Sir,—As you are no doubt anxious to know the result of my excursion to-day upon the Savannah river and its tributaries below, I will give you an account of the same, together with my performance on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, of the present week. On Monday, after several days of excessive cold, the weather moderated so far as to admit of my leaving town at 9 o'clock, prepared for duck shooting; but bright and still as the day was, I was compelled to make my excursion short on account of the complaints of my boy Peter, who suffered much from cold. I returned at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, with thirty-six ducks of various kinds, not "bagged" as sportsmen have it, but snugly stowed away in a white oak basket; a more suitable conveyance by far. On Tuesday I took the same route, with a little variation, but the wind blowing fresh from the north east I was compelled to return again at an early hour with twenty-eight ducks.

On Thursday I made an early start with good weather, and having determined to continue down the river until met by the flood tide, I availed myself of every advantage I could gain by crossing and recrossing, to approach the more cautiously, the sheltered and sunny situations which the ducks are fond of occupying, and thus succeeded in killing six mallard, one widgen, one canvas back, and twenty-eight

teal, to which you may add if you please, one coon, and a pig of the wild family, the latter of which, attracted perhaps, by the odorous smell of a dish of cold provisions, of which I was at that moment partaking, put forth his proboscis from his covert of high grass, contrary, no doubt, to the express wish of the elders of the family, who were then feeding in great numbers but a few yards from the bank of the river, and slight as was the indiscretion, it proved immediately fatal, when a simultaneous rush was made by the whole multitude of swine, which would remind one of a mighty whirlwind, tearing up the grass and scattering its fragments in all directions.

In accomplishing this day's work, I had another opportunity of performing a feat similar to that of which you were a witness to on a former occasion. Four mallard and a widgen rose up about twenty paces from me, one of which I immediately killed, and discovering that three of the balance were approaching each other—I waited for a moment and again fired, when the three fell; the widgen alone continued his course, but another and a still more fatal instrument lay within my reach, I grasped it, and the last of the five fell with his companions. The only difference between these shots and those witnessed by you, is that the five were then killed at successive discharges, two at the first fire as they sat upon the water. To-day my time has been occupied solely in the pursuit of teal, and although the most unfavorable of either of the four days I have been out, being warm, and still I have succeeded in killing sixty-two, making one hundred and seventy-two this week.

I am sorry the nature of your engagements did not allow you to partake of my amusements, for I do assure you, that the mind is so constantly and agreeably excited, and the salt air so invigorating to the body, that you would have found profit in the undertaking, independent of the value of your game. I must confess, however, that this day has not been attended with all the pleasures of former days, for, during the excessive cold of the past week, the marsh on the south side of Wright's river, was set on fire, and such was the benumbed condition of various animals, amphibious as well as others, that numbers perished in the flames; and the stench now rising from them for the distance of eight or ten miles along the shore, is indeed horrible. On this river the alligators are more numerous than I have seen them elsewhere, and during the winter months lie in great numbers in a torpid state in the neighboring marshes, they doubtless have all perished on that side of the river.

F. E. T.

FORT GIBSON HUNTING CLUB.

GENTLEMEN:

Fort Gibson, March 7, 1835.

Having duly considered the subject for which we, at our last meeting, were appointed a committee, beg leave to offer the following as a Constitution for the government of the Club.

ARTICLE 1. The Club shall be called the Fort Gibson Hunting Club.

ART. 2. The officers shall be a President, a Vice President, and a Secretary who shall also act as Treasurer.

ART. 3. It shall be the duty of the President to attend all meetings of the Club and preside in all business transactions. He shall call a meeting of the Club whenever requested to do so by three or more members, and order the Secretary to give notice of such meeting the day previous thereto. In the absence of the President, the Vice President shall act as President. A majority of the members present at the post shall constitute a quorum to transact business.

ART. 4. The officers of the Club shall be elected annually; those elected at this meeting shall serve until 31st Dec. 1835.

ART. 5. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a book in which he shall make a fair record of all the transactions of the Club, and furnish for publication, in the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, such accounts of all the interesting hunts, &c. as the Club may think proper from time to time to publish.

ART. 6. There shall be a Committee of three appointed by ballot, who shall assess all fines under such By-Laws as may hereafter be adopted.

ART. 7. The dogs shall be under the exclusive management of the President, who shall employ a suitable person to take charge of the kennel, and perform such duty in relation thereto as the President may, from time to time, assign him. The kennel shall contain bear, wolf, deer, and fox dogs.

ART. 8. All necessary expenses for the purchasing and feeding of the dogs, building kennel, hiring keeper, &c. &c. shall be borne at the joint expense of the Club, the Treasurer shall, on the order of the President, pay the accounts, and is authorized to draw upon the sutler for the necessary funds, for which the Club are pledged.

ART. 9. On the withdrawing of a member from the Club, all his right, title, and interest in the dogs, kennel, &c. shall be vested in the Club, and no member shall, in any way, dispose of or transfer his interest to any person whatever.

ART. 10. Members admitted to the Club, previous to the 1st January, 1836, shall pay their proportion of all expenses previously

incurred; members admitted after that time shall upon admission pay —.

ART. 11. All persons wishing to become members shall be proposed by a member in proper person, or in writing addressed to the President, and the member proposed shall be balloted for at the next meeting of the Club; two black balls shall exclude him.

ART. 12. Each member shall sign this Constitution and be governed by it and such By-Laws as may, from time to time, be adopted by the Club. This Constitution shall not be altered but by a majority of two-thirds of the members belonging to the post.

Major R. B. MASON, of Dragoons, *President*.

Lieut. F. BRITTON, 7th Infantry, *Secretary*.

Members.

S. G. J. De Camp, *Surgeon*.

George Birch, *Major*.

W. Scawell, *Lieut. 7th*.

A. Harris, *Lieut. 7th*.

E. W. B. Nowland, *Post Suttler*.

Jno. Dillard, *Major*.

Wm. Eustis, *Lieut. Dragoons*.

A. Montgomery, *Lieut. 7th*.

M. Arbuckle, *Brev. Brig. Gen'l*.

Resolved, That this Club subscribe for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine from its commencement, and its Editor be elected an honorary member.

Resolved further, That the formation of this Club and the proceedings thus far be published in the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

CINCINNATI INDEPENDENT SHOOTING CLUB.

(Extract from the By-laws.)

Fines and Penalties.

Any member who shall neglect to pay his fines, dues, or arrearages for one year, shall forfeit his membership, and any neglecting to turn out at the regular hunts of the Club, shall pay the sum of one dollar, unless remitted by a majority of the members present.

Shooting Game out of Season.

In considering the impropriety of shooting game out of season, it is deemed, by the founders of this Club, not only prejudicial to their characters as sportsmen, but tends to the scarcity of game. It is, therefore, expected of every member, as he regards his honor, not to practice, but to prevent as far as possible, such innovations upon the general rules of sporting. And in case of an aberration of this nature, the Club will confine itself to such penalty, as a majority of the members shall choose to inflict.

What shall be considered Game, and how count.

Deer,	shall count	50	Wild Goose,	shall count	25
Bear,	" "	50	Brant,	" "	25
Turkey,	" "	20	Swan,	" "	50
Pheasant,	" "	10	DUCKS.		
Woodcock,	" "	5	Canvass Backs,	" "	10
Grouse,	" "	25	Mallard,	" "	4
Plover,	" "	2	Wood Duck,	" "	4
Curlew,	" "	10	Bunty,	" "	4
Snipe,	" "	2	Redhead,	" "	8
Rabbit,	" "	2	Blackhead,	" "	8
Quail,	" "	1	Teal,	" "	3
Rail	" "	1	Other ducks, same as Teal.		

OFFICERS.

W. PHILPOT, *President.*J. WINTER, *Vice President.*J. L. VATTIER, *Secretary.*T. H. MARTIN, *Treasurer.*JOHN WINTER, JOS. PERRY, THOS. WINTER, *Standing Committee.*

PEDESTRIANISM.

MY DEAR S.;

Washington, April 30, 1835.

In the last No. of your Magazine, I observed an article on the distances performed in a day, by persons on the frontier, travelling from port to port with the encumbrance of a knapsack and rifle. I thought, at the time, of a march, recorded by Col. Napier in his history of the Peninsular war, and performed by a body of troops who were present at the close of the battle of Talavera. Not being able to find a copy of the work in the house, to which I might refer, and having been prevented by sickness and other causes from visiting the capitol, I have only to-day been able to get the particulars, which appear to me so well worthy of your attention, that I have copied the passage, not doubting that it will prove interesting to you. The distance *for one man* is not astonishing, as many may be found who would perform it; but here we have upwards of 2000 men keeping together during a march of 62 miles, and ready to perform military duty at the end of it.

"That day also, General Crawford reached the English camp with the 43d, 52d, and 95th regiments or rifle brigade, and immediately took charge of the outposts. These troops, after a march of 20 miles, were in bivouac near Malfartida di Plasencia, when the alarm, caused by the fugitive Spanish, spread to that part. Crawford allowed the men to rest a few hours, and then withdrawing about fifty of the weakest from the ranks, commenced his march with the resolution not to halt until he reached the field of battle. As the brigade advanced, crowds of the runaways were met with; and those not Spaniards, propagating the vilest falsehoods,—‘the army was defeated,’—‘Sir Arthur Wellesley was killed,’—‘the French were only

a few miles distant;—and some blinded by their fears, affected even to point out the enemy's posts, on the nearest hills. Indignant at this shameful scene, the troops hastened, rather than slackened the impetuosity of their pace, and leaving only seventeen stragglers behind, in twenty-six hours they had crossed the field of battle, in a compact body, having, in that time, passed over 62 English miles, and in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying from 50 to 60 pounds weight upon his shoulders. Had the historian Gibbon known of such a march, he would have spared his sneer, about the 'delicacy of the modern soldier.'

(From the New York Star.)

TROUT FISHING—SULLIVAN COUNTY, N. Y.

BY F. L. WADDEL.

Come wander with me to the hemlock hills,
Where romance dwells by the laurelled rills;
For the stag, in the balmy month of June,
Cools his panting sides in the *Callicoon*,*
And the eagle kens the morning beam,
As it glittering smiles on the silver stream,
While there in the wild and silent wood,
Where feet of the hunter scarce intrude,
The speckled trout in frolicsome play
Are sporting their mirthful holiday
In thousands, crowd each limpid brook,
Unheeding the sportman's wily hook.
What a treat with a line and rod to creep,
When the finny tribe in the shadows sleep,
By the sloping bank of the crystal tide,
And cunningly in the long grass hide,
Then wait till a large trout passes by,
Or cautiously play the barbed fly;
And when takes hold the foolish trout,
With angler's triumph pull him out.
Come, wander away to that mountain clime,
Ye lovers of fun and sons of sport,
There angling is indeed sublime,
There sportsmen jovial with me resort.
And when the pastime you've enjoyed,
And the palate with savory fish is cloyed,
We'll cut a steak from a clumsy bear,
Partake of a woodman's welcome fare;

* A beautiful little stream in the mountains of Sullivan.

Or learn how a hardy pioneer
 Lives in the wilderness void of fear.
 Perchance the glance of his daughter's eyes
 May touch your fancy with sweet surprise,
 For love's an angler, there's no *doubt*,
 He tickles *hearts* as you tickle *trout*,
 And he scorns the bait of a silver hook,
 Tho' he strikes odd fish with a queerish look.
 Perhaps you'll envy the sweet repose
 Contentment gives to the cheek of a rose—
 And find the *hum* of a spinning wheel
 A musical comfort can reveal;
 If so, you may *angle* a country wife,
 Follow *Time's stream* *trouting* all *your life*.

PEDIGREES WANTED.

(Addenda to page 451.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| Carolina, by Buzzard, (dam of Eutaw.) | Merinda, (dam of Bey of Tunis.) |
| Chuck o'Luck, (dam of Hard Heart.) | Miranda, (dam of Bob Oakley.) |
| Crazy Jane, by imp. Merryfield, (dam of Desdemona) | Mischief, (dam of Rosalie Somers.) |
| Daisey, (dam of Camilla.) | Miss Payne, (dam of Molo.) |
| Devil, by West's Paragon, (dam of Oracle.) | Miss Walton, (dam of Goliah.) |
| Dutchess, by Cœur de Lion, (grandam of Peace Maker.) | Moll Sullivan, by Lee's Mark Antony, (dam of Raymond.) |
| Fantail, (dam of Janus.) | Molly Irwin, (dam of June Bug.) |
| Figure, by Sir Shakspeare, (dam of Figure Arab.) | Morey, (dam of Lady Lafayette.) |
| Floretta, by Gracchus, (dam of Edward.) | Nance, by Merryman, (dam of Gonzello.) |
| Flying Sally, (dam of Sleeping Tiger.) | Nancy Dawson, by Piatt's Alexander, (dam of La Muette.) |
| Forest Girl, (dam of Red Rover.) | Nancy Madison, (dam of Tristram Shandy.) |
| Golden Phoenix, (dam of Caravan.) | Nancy Washington, by imp. Stephen, (dam of Duke of Bedford.) |
| Harriet, by Matchem, (dam of Crawler.) | Param Filly, by imp. Whip, (dam of Red Rover.) |
| Jenny or Wild Mare, by Jones' Wildair, (dam of Mary Vicks.) | Paulina, by Cedar, (dam of Eudoxia.) |
| Jessie, by Trafalgar, (dam of Upton.) | Peg, by imported Juniper, (g. dam of Racket.) |
| Jib, (dam of Hotspur.) | Queen, by Laburnum. |
| Kitty Fisher, by Tom Tough, (dam of Yellow Jacket.) | Sally Racket, (dam of Clementina.) |
| Lady Crayton, (dam of I. C.) | Slow and Easy, by Duroc, (dam of Pilot.) |
| — Greenville, by | Sophy, by imp. Buzzard, (dam of Molly Long.) |
| — Robin, by Robin Gray, (dam of Little Robin.) | Spanker, by Childers, (dam of Remus.) |
| — Rockfish, (dam of Morgiana.) | Sylph, by Hephestion, (dam of Godolphin.) |
| Little Moll, by Medley, (dam of Cora.) | Teresa, by Arab, (dam of Tornado.) |
| Lucy Phlegar, (dam of William Wallace.) | Vixen, by imp. Diomed, (grandam of Merinda.) |
| Mary, by imp. Whip, (dam of Pelham.) | Wagon Whip, by imp. Janus, (dam of Bucephalus.) |
| Melvina, (dam of Marion.) | |

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

TATTERSALLS'.

Tattersall has just handed me a catalogue of his stud, which is a very select one. Should you have room, and think it worth while, give it an insertion in the Register; to the end that persons wishing to obtain imported stock may know where to look for "good things."

I shall attend one of the New Market spring meetings, and if any thing very interesting occur, I'll make some notes to send you. The stakes, plates, matches, &c. to be run for this spring at New Market, considerably exceed forty-two thousand pounds! About two hundred thousand dollars.

F. P. C.

For private sale.—The following Brood Mares and Foals. To be seen at Dawley farm, near Hayes, Middlesex.

Arbis, by Quiz, out of Persepolis, &c. covered by The Colonel.

Cora, (foaled in 1824,) by Truffle, her dam, Helen, by Whiskey—Brown Justice, by Justice—Zenias, by Challenger—Zaulippe, by Eclipse; covered by Sir Hercules.

Cuirass, (foaled in 1823,) by Oiseau, (the dam of Elk, Eel, Elm, &c.) out of Castanea, by Gohanna, (the dam of Canteen, Cant, &c.) covered by Chateau Margaux.

Young Chryseis, (the dam of Harry,) by Dick Andrews, out of Chryseis; covered by Logic.

Contrition, (the dam of Treadmill,) by Tiresias, out of Weeper's dam; covered by Sir Hercules and Logic.

Chapeau de Paille, (foaled in 1821,) by Rubens, out of Fadladinida, by Sir Peter; covered by Flexible.

Emmellina, by Blacklock, out of Agatha, by Orville, covered by Gaberlunzie.

Elizabeth, (foaled in 1822,) by Soothsayer, out of Grey Duchess, by Pot80's; covered by Moses.

Gavotte, (foaled in 1822,) by Election, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews; covered by Sir Benjamin Backbite, by Whisker, out of Scandal.

Hazardess, (the dam of Alea,) by Haphazard, dam by Orville, out of Spinetta, by Trumpator; covered by Chateau Margaux and Gaberlunzie.

Ida, (foaled 1828,) by Whalebone, out of Thalestris; covered by Gaberlunzie.

Jewess, (foaled in 1827,) by Moses, out of Calendulæ, (the dam of Pewet, Burgundy, &c.) by Camerton, her dam, Snowdrop, by Highland Fling—Buzzard; covered by Emaneipation.

Mushroom, (the dam of Ketchup,) by Dick Andrews, out of Morel, (sister to Truffle;) covered by Sir Hercules.

Nell Gwynne, (foaled in 1826,) by Tramp, dam by Beningbrough, out of sister to Star, by Highflyer, &c. covered by Battledore, by Sir Oliver, out of Racket.

Prudish, (foaled in 1824,) by Merlin, out of Prue, by Trumpator—Woodpecker, sister to Driver; covered by Moses.

Pimlico, (foaled in 1822,) by Partisan, out of Ridicule, (Godolphin's dam;) covered by Peter Lely.

Primula, (foaled in 1827,) by Cervantes, out of Cowslip, (the dam of Brontes, Comedy, &c.) by Cockfighter—Brown Javelin, by Javelin; covered by Buzzard, (the sire of Bentley.)

Petworth Lass, (foaled in 1831,) by Whalebone, or Little John, out of Thalestris; covered by Logic.

Rarity, (foaled in 1822,) by Anticipation, out of Revenge's dam; covered by Sir Hercules.

Rosebud, (late Runnymede, foaled 1828,) by Little John, dam by Whalebone, out of Ransom, by Sir Peter; covered by Lamplighter.

Squib, (foaled in 1820,) by Soothsayer, out of Berenice, by Alexander; covered by Sir Hercules.

Victorine, by Haphazard, out of Phantasmagoria, by Precipitate; covered by The Colonel.

Whalebone mare, her dam, Ransom, by Sir Peter; covered by Gray Comus, by Comus, dam by Evander, Marcia, Faith, by Pacolet, &c. &c.

Whalebone mare, four years old, sister to Gayhurst; covered by Gaberlunzie.

COLT-FOALS OF 1834.

A bay colt foal, by Moses, out Victorine, by Haphazard, out of Phantasmagoria.

A chestnut colt foal, by Muley, out of Anna, by Whalebone, out of Themis, by Sorcerer, out of Hanna, by Gohanna.

A brown colt foal, by Lamplighter, out of Rosebud (late Runnymede,) by Little John, dam by Whalebone, out of Ransom, by Sir Peter, &c.

A bay colt foal, by Middleton, out of Young Chryseis, by Dick Andrews.

A bay colt foal, by Middleton, out of Cora, by Truffle, her dam, Helen, by Whiskey,—Brown Justice, by Justice, &c.

A black colt foal, by Shakspeare, out of the Whalebone Mare, dam, Ransom, by Sir Peter, &c.

A bay colt foal, by Peter Lely, out of Pimlico (sister to Godolphin.)

FILLY-FOALS OF 1834.

A bay filly foal, by Mameluke, out of Squib, by Soothsayer, out of Berenice, by Alexander, &c.

A bay filly foal, by Middleton, out of Mushroom (the dam of Ketchup,) by Dick Andrews, out of Morel, &c.

A chestnut filly foal, by Count Porro, out of Primula, by Cervantes, out of Cowslip (the dam of Bunter, &c.) Brontes, &c.

A bay filly foal, by The Tutor, (by St. Patrick,) out of Maiden, by Hedley—Selim—Oscar, &c.

A chestnut filly foal, by Middleton, out of Rarity, by Anticipation, out of Revenge's dam.

For Price, &c. apply to Messrs. Tattersall; if by letter, post paid.

Logic, by Selim, out of Picquet, by Sorcerer, out of Prunella, by Highflyer, &c. will cover next season at Dawley, at 11l. Logic has been covering in Germany, where four only of his get have started, and are all winners.

Logic is deemed an untried stallion in England. Also,

Shakspeare, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly, by Rubens, her dam Comedy, by Benningbrough—Mrs. Jordan, by Highflyer—Matchem—Regulus—Bartlet's Childers, &c. at 8l. half-bred mares at 3gs. His stock are remarkably fine and strong.

THE GREAT FOOT RACE.

The great trial of human capabilities, in going ten miles within the hour, for \$1,000, to which \$300 was added, took place on Friday, on the Union Course, Long Island; and we are pleased to state, that the feat was accomplished twelve seconds within the time, by a native born and bred American farmer, Henry Stannard, of Killingworth, Connecticut. Two others went the ten miles—one a Prussian, in a half a minute over; the other an Irishman, in one minute and three quarters over the time.

As early as nine o'clock, many hundreds had crossed the river to witness the race, and from that time until near two, the road between Brooklyn, and the course presented a continuous line, (and in many places a double line) of carriages of all descriptions, from the humble sand cart to the splendid barouche and four; and by two o'clock, it is computed that there were at least from sixteen to twenty thousand persons on the course. The day, though fine, being windy, delayed the start until nineteen minutes before two, when nine candidates appeared in front of the stand, dressed in various colors, and started at the sound of a drum.

The following are the names, &c. of the competitors, in the order in which they entered themselves:

Henry Stannard, a farmer, aged twenty-four years, born in Killingworth, Connecticut. He is six feet one inch in height, and weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds. He was dressed in black silk pantaloons, white shirt, no jacket, vest, or cap, black leather belt and flesh colored slippers.

Charles R. Wall, a brewer, aged eighteen years, born in Brooklyn. His height was five feet ten and a half inches, and he weighed one hundred and forty-nine pounds.

Henry Sutton, a house painter, aged twenty-three years, born in Rahway, New Jersey. Height five feet seven inches; weight one hundred and thirty-three pounds. He wore a yellow shirt and cap, buff breeches, white stockings and red slippers.

George W. Glauer, rope-maker, aged twenty-seven, born in Elberfeldt, Prussia. Height five feet six and a half inches; weight one hundred and forty-five pounds. He had on an elegant dress of white silk, with a pink stripe and cap to match; pink slippers and red belt.

Isaac S. Downes, a basket-maker, aged twenty-seven, born at Brookhaven, Suffolk county. Height five feet five and a half inches; weight one hundred and fifty pounds. He was dressed in a white shirt, white pantaloons, blue stripe, blue belt, no shoes or stockings.

John Mallard, a farmer, aged thirty-three, born at Exeter, Otsego Co. New York. Height five feet seven and a half inches; weight one hundred and thirty pounds. Dress, blue calico, no cap, shoes or stockings.

William Vermilyea, shoemaker, aged twenty-two years, born in New York. Height five feet ten and a half inches; weight one hundred and fifty pounds. Dressed in green calico, with black belt; no shoes or stockings.

Patrick Mahony, a porter, aged thirty-three, born in Kenmar county, Kerry, Ireland. Height five feet six inches. Weight one hundred and thirty pounds. Dress, a green gauze shirt, blue stripe calico breeches, blue belt, white stockings and black slippers.

John M'Cargy, a butcher, aged twenty-six, born at Harlaem. Height five feet ten inches. Weight one hundred and sixty pounds. Dressed in shirt, pink stripe calico trowsers, no shoes or stockings.

There was a tenth candidate, a black man, named Francis Smith, aged twenty-five, born in Manchester, Virginia. Mr. Stevens was willing that this man should run; but as he had not complied with the regulation requiring his name to be entered by a certain day, he was excluded from contesting the race.

The men all started well, and kept together for the first mile, except Mahony, who headed the others several yards, and Mallard, who fell behind after the first half mile. At the end of the second mile, one gave in; at the end of the fourth mile, two more gave up; in the fifth, a fourth man fell; at the end of the fifth mile, a fifth man gave in; during the eighth mile, Downes, one of the fastest, and decidedly the handsomest runner, hurt his foot, and gave in at the termination of that mile, leaving but three competitors, who all held out the distance.

The following is the order in which each man came up to the judges' stand at the close of each mile.

	MILES.									
	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	10th.
Stannard,	3	4	3	3	3	2	2	1	1	1
Glauer,	2	2	1	1	2	3	3	3	2	2
Mahony	1	1	5	5	5	4	4	4	3	3
Downes,	5	3	2	2	1	1	1	2	gave in.	
McGargy,	6	7	7	7	4 gave in.					
Wall,	4	5	4	4 gave in.						
Sutton,	8	8	6	6 gave in.						
Mallard,	9	9	8	8 fell and gave in.						
Vermilyea,	7	6 gave in.								

The following is the time in which each mile was performed by Stannard, the winner. Mahony, the Irishman, did the first mile in five minutes twenty-four seconds.

	Min. Sec.	
1st mile,	-	5 36
2d "	-	5 45
3d "	-	5 58
4th "	-	6 25
5th "	-	6 2
6th "	-	6 3
7th "	-	6 1
8th "	-	6 3
9th "	-	5 57
10th "	-	5 54
	59	44

The betting on the ground both before and after starting, was pretty even, and large sums were staked both for and against time. Downes was undoubtedly the general favorite; and was well known in the neighborhood; he did the eight miles in forty-eight and a half minutes; he had been well trained under his father, who in his thirty-ninth year, performed seventeen miles in one hour and forty-five minutes; accomplishing the first twelve and a half miles in one hour and fifteen minutes.

Mallard was known to be an excellent runner; he had performed sixteen miles in one hour and forty-nine minutes, stopping during the time to change his shoes. He was not sober when he started, and he fell in the fifth mile.

The German had performed the distance between New York and Harlaem, and returned thence (twelve miles) in seventy minutes; his friends were very sanguine of his success. He betted nearly \$300 that he would win the prize. He was within the time until the sixth mile, and he performed the ten miles in one hour and twenty-seven seconds. He was four seconds behind time in the eighth mile. Part of the distance he carried a pocket handkerchief in his mouth.

Mahony, the Irishman, had undergone no training whatever; he left his porter's cart in Water street, went over to the course, ran the first mile in

less than five and a half minutes; at the end of the sixth mile he was one minute and a quarter behind; at the end of the eighth mile two minutes behind; at the ninth he was three minutes behind, and he performed the ten miles in sixty-one and three quarter minutes. On the 25th of last month, this man ran eight miles in forty-one minutes fifty-six seconds. M'Gargy was out of condition; but he did the five miles in thirty-two and a half minutes. Vermilyea was very thin and in a wretched state of health; he travelled thirty-eight miles on foot, on Tuesday last, to be here in time to enter, and the next day performed eight miles in forty-six minutes; he is an excellent runner, but gave in at the end of the second mile from a pain in the side; he was also thrown down by a man crossing the course in the first mile. Wall and Sutton ran remarkably well, but gave in at the end of the fourth mile for want of training.

Stannard, the winner, we understand, has been in good training for a month. He is a powerful stalwart young man, and did not seem at all fatigued at the termination of the race. He was greatly indebted to Mr. Stevens, for his success; Mr. S. rode round the course with him the whole distance, and kept cheering him on, and cautioning him against over-exertion in the early part of the race; at the end of the sixth mile, he made him stop and take a little brandy and water, after which his foot was on the mile mark just as the thirty-six minutes were expired; and as the trumpet sounded he jumped forward gracefully, and cheerfully exclaimed. "Here am I to time;" and he was within the time every mile. After the race was over, he mounted a horse and rode round the course in search of Mr. Richard Jackson, who held his overcoat. He was called up to the stand and his success (and the reward of \$1,300) was announced to him, and he was invited to dine with the Club; to which he replied in a short speech thanking Mr. Stevens, and the gentlemen of the Club for the attention shewn to the runners generally throughout the task. After this, it was announced by Mr. King, the President of the Jockey Club, that the German and the Irishman, who had both performed the ten miles, though not within the time, would receive \$200 each.

We are happy to state that none of the men seemed to feel any inconvenience from their exertions; every thing went off remarkably satisfactory, nor did we hear of the slightest accident the whole day. After the foot race was over, a purse of \$300, two mile heats, for all ages, was run for by the following horses, and decided as under:

	1st.	2d.		1st.	2d.
Tarquin,	1	1	Rival,	4	2
Post Boy,	2	3	Ajax,	5	dist.
Columbia Taylor,	3	dist.	Sir Alfred	6	d'n.

The first heat was performed in three minutes forty-seven seconds—the second in three minutes fifty seconds.

During the running of this match, a written paper was handed to Mr. King, stating that two native Americans were willing to attempt to walk five hundred miles without eating or drinking, as soon as a purse of \$500 should be made up.

The day was remarkably fine, but the wind blew very strongly on the course, and considering the vast amount of money (in bets, &c.) at stake, Mr. Stevens felt uncertain at first how to act, and decided to postpone the race; but the general opinion and desire seem to be against any postponement, and he yielded to this. The result on this account was most fortunate. The race was won handsomely; although when it wanted but twenty eight seconds to the hour, bets at five to three were offered, and taken, that the task would not be accomplished. It is certain that if the wind had not been so high, Stannard would have performed the ten miles in fifty-seven minutes.

[*New York Courier and Enquirer.*

RACING CALENDAR.

NATCHEZ, (*Miss.*) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, February 25, 1835.

First day, four mile heats, purse \$700.

B. H. Barrow's g. m. Lucilla, five years old, by Pacific, dam			
by Pacolet, - - - - -	2	1	1
W. L. Thomson's ch. m. Isora, five years old, by Bertrand,			
dam by Bonaventura, - - - - -	1	2	dr.

Time, 8m. 3s.—8m. 13s.

First heat closely contested, and won by about four feet. Second heat won easily.

Second day, two mile heats, purse \$400.

Col. R. Smith's b. c. Powhatan, three years old, by Arab,	1	1
W. J. Minor's br. c. Ben Franklin, four years old, by Stockhol-		
der, dam by Gallatin, - - - - -	2	2

Time, 4m. 4s.—4m. 2s.

This race was won easily by the Arab colt. Ben Franklin said to be lame.

Saturday, a match, one mile out.

F. L. Claiborne's ch. g. Big Indian, aged, by Sir Charles, -	1
J. G. Perry's b. h. Bob Oakley, aged, by Candidate, - - -	2

Time, 1m. 54s.

March 16th, a match for \$500, two mile heats.

F. L. Claiborne's b. c. Powhatan, three years old, by Arab,	1	1
J. G. Perry's b. h. Bob Oakley, - - - - -	2	dis.

Time, 4m.—4m. 37s.

Powhatan won with ease, giving Bob Oakley fifteen pounds weight;—this was a great betting race, and large sums changed hands.

March 30th, match for \$2250 to \$2000, two miles out, with 100lbs. on each.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. g. Hard Heart, five years old, by Mer-			
cury, dam by Whip, - - - - -			1
John O'Henley's ch. g. Pelham, aged, by Crusader, - - -			2

Time, 3m. 55s.

This race drew a larger number of people together than any event that has ever transpired in Mississippi.

Saturday, April 4th, a match for \$2000 a side, two miles out.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. Betsey Rauchleau, three years old, by			
Arab, dam by Conqueror, - - - - -			1
John G. Perry's b. f. Red Maria, four years old, by Bertrand, dam			
by Pacolet, - - - - -			2

Time, 3m. 55s.

Owing to a false start after running one mile, the horses were stopped and again brought to the starting post. They got off well, but Betsey took the lead, and maintained her ground several lengths ahead, and won the race with ease.

P. S. During all the races the track was heavy.

Weights.—Two year olds 65lbs.—three year olds 80lbs.—four year olds 100lbs.—five year olds 110lbs.—six year olds 118lbs.—aged 124lbs.

F. L. CLAIBORNE, Sec'y.

COLUMBUS, (Geo.) RACES,

Spring meeting, 1835, commenced over the Western Course, on Monday, April 13.

First day, mile heats, purse \$130.

James J. Harrison's b. g. Davy Crocket, four years old, by Falstaff, dam by Gallatin, - - - - - 1 1

Mr. Montmollin's ch. m. Patsey Wallace, five years old, by Alexander, dam by Robin Gray, - - - - - 2 2

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 56s. Track heavy, from rain.

Second day, mile heats, plate worth \$100.

James J. Harrison's b. c. Volney, three years old, by Industry, dam by Telegraph, - - - - - 1 1

B. Lamar's ch. f. Amy Hampton, four years old, by Crusader, dam by Gallatin, - - - - - 2 dr.

S. R. Bonner's b. g. Dick Jones, five years old, by Bertrand, dam unknown, - - - - - 3 dis.

Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 54s.

Volney won the race with the utmost ease. It is due to Amy Hampton to state, that she was in no order for running, being lame from bad shoeing; Dick Jones was also in no order, not being trained. Both he and Amy were entered for sport.

Third day, two mile heats, purse \$250.

Col. F. Lewis' c. Tartar, three years old, by Arab, dam by Conqueror, - - - - - 3 1 1

Col. John Crowell's ch. h. Robin Hood, six years old, by Henry, dam by Hickory, - - - - - 1 2 2

Capt. James J. Harrison's b. c. Volney, three years old, by Industry, dam by Telegraph, - - - - - 2 3 fell.

Time, 3m. 57s.—3m. 56s.—4m.

Same day, three mile heats, purse \$350.

M. D. Vance's gr. c. Gov. McDuffie, by Blind Jackson, dam by Medley, - - - - - 1 1

M. W. Thweat's ch. c. Smoloff, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, - - - - - 3 2

James J. Harrison's b. m. Queen Adelaide, five years old, by Arab, dam by Virginian, - - - - - 2 3

Time, 6m. 13s.—6m. 10s.

Fourth day, four mile heats, purse \$500.

Col. John Crowell's b. f. Lady Nashville, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by imp. Strap, - - - - - 1 1

James J. Harrison's b. m. Jane Bertrand, five years old, by Bertrand, dam Arrakookress, - - - - - 4 2

Mr. Montmollin's ch. m. Patsey Wallace, five years old, by Alexander, dam by Robin Gray, - - - - - 2 3

Mr. B. Lamar's ch. c. by Crusader, dam, the dam of Multa Flora, 3 dis.

Time of each heat 8m.

The race was well contested, and won by about two lengths.

Fifth day, mile heats, best three in five, purse \$230.

J. J. Harrison's b. m. Queen Adelaide, handicap, 90lbs. five years old, by Arab, dam by Virginian, - - - - - 1 1 1

Mr. Montmollin's ch. m. Alborak, five years old, by Sumter, dam Mary Bedford, - - - - - 2 3 2

M. D. Vance's gr. c. Gov. McDuffie, four years old, by Blind Jackson, dam by Medley, - - - - - 3 2 3

Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 53s.—1m. 55s.

BELFIELD, (Va.) RACES.

Spring meeting, 1835, commenced Tuesday, April 21.

First day, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old, \$100 entrance, h.f.; mile heats—seven subscribers—three started.

H. Hartwell's gr. c. by Medley, dam by Virginian, - 3 1 1

O. P. Hare's b. f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, 1 2 2

J. D. Maclin's b. f. by Roanoke, dam by Bedford, - 2 3 dr.

Time, 1m. 59s.—1m. 59s.—2m. 4s.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, \$200, two mile heats.

P. B. Starke's ch. m. Eliza Drake, six years old, by Shawnee, dam by Saltram, - - - - - 1

Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. Velox, four years old, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archy, - - - - - 2

Time, 3m. 58s.

Third day, Joekey Club purse, \$400, three mile heats.

P. B. Starke's b. m. Fanny Cline, five years old, by Sir Archy, dam by Gallatin, - - - - - 1 1

Wm. McCargo's b. h. Prophet, five years old, by Gohanna, dam by Bagdad, - - - - - 2 2

Geo. Goodwyn's c. Calmuc, four years old, by Timoleon, - 3 3

Time, 6m. 1s.—5m. 58s.

Fourth day—first race, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old, \$150 entrance—six subscribers—three started.

Geo. Goodwyn's br. f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, 1 1

H. Maclin's ch. f. by Monsieur Tonson, - - - 3 2

P. B. Starke's ch. c. by Medley, dam by Madison, - - 2 3

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 54½s.

Both heats won easily, hard in hand.

Second race—same day, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old, \$50 entrance.

G. Goodwyn's ch. c. by Merlin, dam by Curtius, - 1 1

Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Sir Charles, - - - 2 2

Thomas Ridley's ch. f. by Marion, dam by Sir Hal, - 3 dis.

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 54s.

Third race—same day, a sweepstakes for four year olds, \$150 entrance.

Wm. McCargo's r. c. Leach, by Sir Charles, dam by Midas, 1 1

G. Goodwyn's b. c. Climax, by Marion, dam by Sir Archy, 3 2

H. Maclin's r. f. by Merlin, - - - 2 3

Time, each heat 4m.

BROAD ROCK, (Va.) RACES,

Over the Tree Hill course. Spring meeting, 1835, commenced on Tuesday, April 21.

First day, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old, mile heats, \$100 entrance, h.f.; nine subscribers—three paid forfeit.

Henry A. Tayloe's ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 1 1

John M. Botts' f. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, - 5 2

Thos. Doswell's f. Kitty Minge, by Timoleon, dam Merino Ewe, 2 3

Arch. Wooldridge's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 3 4

Jas. P. Corbin's ch. c. by Timoleon, dam by Trafalgar, - 4 dis.

Arthur Taylor's ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, - dis.

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 52s.

Arthur Taylor's filly was distanced at the start, by a bad start—that is, she lost a distance in the start. Doswell's filly against the field—knowing ones bit as usual. A very large field for the colt day. Track in fine order, and weather remarkably fine.

Second day, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old, mile heats; entrance \$150—\$100 forfeit; four subscribers—two started.

John Belcher's c. by Timoleon, dam by Whip,	-	-	1	1
Thos. Doswell's b. f. by Gohanna, out of Betsey Hare's dam,	-	-	2	2

Time, 1m. 56s.—2m. 2s.

One half of the Gohanna filly, although a loser, was sold immediately after the race, to Mr. Puckett, for \$1250.

Third day, Proprietor's purse, \$250, two mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's b. h. Hanslap, five years old, by Washington,	-	-	-	-	1	1
dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	-	-
Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. Sidi Hamet, five years old, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	4	2
dam Princess,	-	-	-	-	-	-
O. P. Hare's b. f. Virginia Carey, four years old, by Marion,	-	-	-	-	2	3
dam by Shylock,	-	-	-	-	-	-
John Heth's gr. c. Cutthroat, four years old, by Medley, dam	-	-	-	-	3	4
Merino Ewe,	-	-	-	-	-	-

Time, 3m. 54s.—3m. 53s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$500, three mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's gr. m. Ironette, six years old, by Contention,	-	-	-	-	1	1
dam by Packenham,	-	-	-	-	-	-
Hector Davis' ch. m. Dolly Dixon, aged, by Sir Charles, dam	-	-	-	-	3	2
by Hornet,	-	-	-	-	-	-
John M. Botts' b. h. Tobacconist, six years old, by Gohanna,	-	-	-	-	4	3
dam Yankee Maid,	-	-	-	-	-	-
John Heth's b. c. Miner, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson,	-	-	-	-	5	4
dam by Whip,	-	-	-	-	-	-
O. P. Hare's b. f. Mary Lea, four years old, by Timoleon,	-	-	-	-	2	dr.

Time, 5m. 55s.—5m. 53s.

FLORENCE, (Alab.) RACES.

Spring meeting, 1835, commenced on Thursday, April 23.

First day, a sweepstakes for three and four year olds, \$100 entrance, a single mile.

N. Davis' ch. f. by Gift, dam by Timoleon, three years old,	-	-	1
S. B. Allen's gr. c. Tornado, by Washington, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	2
A. H. Mason's ch. f. Galert, by Ratler, dam by Sir Peter Teazle,	-	-	3

Time, 1m. 59s.

Second day, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old, a single mile, \$100 entrance; eleven subscribers.

N. Davis' b. c. Delaney, by Gift, dam by Suwarrow,	-	-	1
Jas. Jackson's ch. f. by Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney,	-	-	2
S. B. Allen's b. f. Temp, by Marshal Ney, dam by Truxton,	-	-	3
Wm. Bosley's gr. c. by Jerry, dam by Sir Peter Teazle,	-	-	4

Time, 1m. 57s. A close race, won by eighteen inches.

Third day, a sweepstakes for three year olds, two mile heats; \$200 entrance, h. f.; eleven subscribers.

T. Kirkman's ch. f. Extio, by Leviathan, dam White	-	-	-	-	3	1	1
Feathers, by Conqueror,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
J. C. Beasley's b. f. Hortense, by Pacific, dam by Wonder,	-	-	-	-	4	2	2
Nicholas Davis' ch. c. Palladium, by Leviathan, dam by	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Riego,	-	-	-	-	1	3	dr.
J. H. Jenkin's bl. f. Polly Claiborne, by Leviathan, dam	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Lady Randolph, (full sister to Carolinian,)	-	-	-	-	2	dr.	-

Time, 4m. 16s.—4m. 22s.—4m. 36s.

The track was in the worst possible order, and a hard rain fell during the race. Polly Claiborne led, closely followed by Extio, until near the dis-

tance stand, when they were both passed by Palladium. Hortense just dropping in, she went to work for the next heat merrily, along with Palladium, until they were caught in about a mile and a half by Extio. Only two started for the last heat, which Extio won with tolerable ease.

In the evening, a match race, \$100 a side; one mile.

A. H. Mason's f.	-	-	-	-	1
Jonah Beckwith's h.	-	-	-	-	2

It is but justice to the horses to state, that this spring has been peculiarly unfavorable for training, and it is presumable, none of them were in first rate order.

S. B. ALLEN, Sec'y.

FAIRFIELD (Va.) RACES.

Spring meeting, 1835, commenced Wednesday, April 29.

First day, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old, \$200 entrance, h. f.; mile heats.

William Wickham's b. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Arab,	2	1	1
Robert Corbin's ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar,	3	3	2
O. P. Hare's b. c. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Archy,	1	2	dr.
Richard Adams' ch. f. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles,	4	4	dr.
Time, 1m. 55s.—2m.—2m. 4s.			

A sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old, \$100 entrance, h. f.; mile heats.

William Williamson's b. f. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles,	1	1
O. P. Hare's g. f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam the dam of Little John,	3	2
John Heth's f. by Sir Charles, dam by Whip, (dam of Collier,)	2	3
Time, 1m. 56s.—2m. 2s.		

Second day, Proprietor's purse, \$300, two mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. Charles Kemble, five years old, by Sir Archy, dam by Gallatin, 110lbs.	6	1	1
O. P. Hare's b. f. Mary Lea, four years old, by Timoleon, 97lbs.	1	5	2
R. Adams' b. c. Alp, four years old, by Rockingham, dam by Tom Tough, 97lbs.	4	3	3
Jas. S. Garrison's b. m. Polly Eubanks, five years old, by Roanoke, dam by Constitution, 107lbs.	7	6	4
Wm. H. Minge's g. h. Jesse, five years old, by Medley, dam by Spring Hill, 110lbs.	2	2	5
John M. Botts' b. f. Rosalie Somers, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Virginian, 97lbs.	3	4	6
John Early's b. h. Adjutant, five years old, by Monsieur Tonson, 110lbs.	5	dis.	
Time, 3m. 53s.—3m. 56s.—3m. 50s.			

Third day, Jockey Club purse, \$800, four mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's g. m. Ironette, six years old, by Contention, dam by Packenham, 115lbs.	1	1
Hector Davis' ch. m. Dolly Dixon, aged, by Sir Charles, dam by Hornet, 121lbs.	2	2
Isham Pucket's ch. c. Damascus, four years old, by Washington, dam by Napoleon, 100lbs.	dis.	
Time, 8m. 2s.—8m. 12s.		

Fourth day, a sweepstakes for three year olds, \$100 entrance, h. f.; mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. f. by Timoleon, dam Pandora, by Napoleon,	-	-	1	1
Wm. Wickham's c. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	2	2
Edmund Christian's ch. c. by Timoleon, dam by Thunderclap,	-	-	3	3
Richard Adams' f. by Washington, dam by Marske,	-	-	4	dr.
Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 55s.				

Second race, a match, four mile heats.

William Williamson's b. h. Montabello, by Tariff,	-	-	1	1
Hector Davis' Glenmore, by Riego,	-	-	2	dr.
Time, 8m. 47s.				

NEW MARKET, (Va.) RACES.

Spring meeting 1835, commenced on Tuesday, May 5.

First day—first race, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old, mile heats, \$300 entrance, \$200 forfeit, nine subscribers, five started.

F. P. Corbin's b. f. by Sir Charles, dam Betsey Haxall, (the dam of Star,)	-	-	1	1
Jas. W. Winfree's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Florizel,	-	-	3	2
Jno. Minge's ch. f. by Timoleon, dam Merino Ewe,	-	-	2	3
John Heth's ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Whip,	-	-	4	4
John White's (of N. C.) f. Polly Cottle, by Marion, dam Sugar, by Constitution,	-	-	-	dist.
Time of each heat, 1m. 55s.				

Second race—same day, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, \$100 entrance, h. f.; fourteen subscribers, seven started.

Wm. M. West's br. f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam T. McGee's Archy mare,	-	-	1	1
P. B. Starke's g. c. by Medley, dam Dugger's Virginian mare,	-	-	2	2
A. J. Vaughan's br. f. by Leviathan, dam Crazy Jane,	-	-	3	3
Thos. Doswell's b. f. by Gohanna, dam by Merryfield, (Betsey Hare's dam,)	-	-	7	4
T. P. Hare's ch. f. by Timoleon, dam Mary Wasp,	-	-	4	5
W. R. Johnson's ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam Betsey Robinson,	-	-	5	6
J. D. Macklin's b. f. by Roanoke, dam by Bedford, (Lancet's dam.)	-	-	6	7
Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 53s.				

Second day, Proprietor's purse \$300, two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. f. Nancy Blunt, four years old, by Sir Archy, 97lbs.	-	-	1	1
E. Wall's b. c. by Monsieur Tonson, four years old, dam sister of Tuckahoe, 100lbs.	-	-	3	2
Wm. R. Johnson's gr. c. Dick Sampson, four years old, by Medley, 100lbs.	-	-	2	3
P. B. Starke's ch. m. Eliza Drake, six years old, by Shawnee, 115lbs.	-	-	4	dr.
Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 56s. No contest.				

Third day, Jockey Club purse, \$700, four mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's gr. m. Ironette, six years old by Contention, dam by Packenham,	-	-	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. c. Dick Beasley, by Marion,	-	-	3	2
P. B. Starke's br. m. Maid of Southampton, five years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Chance,	-	-	2	3
Time, 3m. 15s.—8m. 13s.				

Fourth day, a sweepstakes for four year olds, two mile heats, \$500 entrance, \$200 forfeit, four subscribers, two started.

W. R. Johnson's b. c. Mazeppa, by Hotspur, dam by Francisco,	-	-	-	1	1
O. P. Hare's b. f. Virginia Carey, by Marion, dam by Shylock,	-	-	-	2	dr.

Time, upwards of 4m. and no contest.

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Over the Central course, spring meeting, 1835, commenced Tuesday, May 19.

First day, a sweepstakes for the get of stallions, the colts or fillies to be three years old this spring, mile heats, \$200 entrance, h. f.; eight subscribers, five paid forfeit, three started.

Thos. Snowden, Jr.'s (Dr. Stockett's,) bl. c. Cippus, by Industry, dam by Mark Antony, 86lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
John Minge's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Whip, 100lbs.	-	-	-	2	2
John C. Craig's, (Mr. Selden's,) b. c. John K. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Francis Burdet, 86lbs.	-	-	-	3	dis.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 54½s.

Second day, Craig plate, value \$500, two mile heats.

Wm. L. White's ch. c. Philip, four years old, by Janus, dam by Trafalgar, 100lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
Jas. M. Selden's b. c. Mazeppa, four years old, by Hotspur, dam by Francisco, 100lbs.	-	-	-	2	2
Wm. H. Minge's bl. c. Black Heath, four years old, by Sir Archy, dam by Sir Hal, 100lbs.	-	-	-	3	dis.

Time, 3m. 50s.—3m. 52s.

Third day, Proprietor's purse, \$500, three mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. Charles Kemble, five years old, by Sir Archy, dam by Gallatin, 110lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
Jas. S. Garrison's b. m. Sally Eubanks, five years old, by Roanoke, dam by Constitution, 107lbs.	-	-	-	5	2
O. P. Hare's ch. c. Dick Beasley, four years old, by Marion, dam by Virginian, 100lbs.	-	-	-	4	3
Jno. M. Botts' b. f. Rosalie Somers, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Virginian, 97lbs.	-	-	-	3	dr.
H. D. Chapin's ch. m. Maid of the Neck,* five years old, by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Windflower, 107lbs.	-	-	-	2	—

Time, 5m. 55s.—5m. 52s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$1000, four mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's gr. m. Ironette, six years old, by Contention, dam by Packenham, 115lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. f. Nancy Blunt, four years old, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, 97lbs.	-	-	-	2	2
Philip Wallis' gr. m. Lady Archiana,† five years old, by Sir Archy, dam Pandora II. by Silverheels, 107lbs.	-	-	-		dist.

Time, 7m. 59s.—8m. 8s.

* Came in second, but declared distanced in consequence of foul riding.

† It is due to the owner of Lady Archiana, to say, that her being distanced was owing to bad riding which made her run restive the second mile.

NEW YORK RACES.

Spring meeting, 1835.

First day, match two mile heats, \$1000 a side.

R. F. Stockton's ch. c. Morris, by Eclipse, four years old, 1 1

Ro. L. Stevens' ch. c. Tom Moore, by Eclipse, four years old, 2 2

Time, 4m. 2s.—3m. 56s.

Second race, sweepstakes, three year olds, mile heats; \$300 entrance h.f.; eleven subscribers; five started—six paid forfeit.

Alex. L. Botts' ch. c. Veto, by Gohanna, full brother to Tyrant, 1 1

R. F. Stockton's c. Middlesex, by Sir Charles, dam Powancy, 3 2

J. H. Wilkes' f. by Eclipse, full brother to Medoc, - 2 3

John C. Craig's f. by Sir Charles, dam by Whip, - - 4 dis.

Wm. Gibbons' c. Felix, by Sir Hal, dam Flora, - dis.

Time, 1m. 50s.—1m. 52s.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, \$300; two mile heats.

Samuel Laird's b. f. Clara Howard, by Barefoot, four years old, 1 2 1

J. Alston's br. c. Tarquin, by Henry, four years old, 3 5 2

J. Bathgate, (Mr. Costar's) ch. c. Cadmus, by Eclipse, four years old, 5 1 3

T. Jones' ch. m. Rival, by Eclipse, six years old, 4 4 4

J. C. Stevens' ch. f. Floranthe, by Eclipse, four years old, 2 3 dis.

Wm. Gibbons' ch. f. Firefly, by Barefoot, four years old, dis. blt.

J. C. Craig's b. m. Ecarte, by Eclipse, - dis.

Time, 3m. 44s.—3m. 49s.—3m. 50s.

Second race, sweepstakes for three year olds, mile heats; six subscribers; three started.

W. Livingston's b. f. Itasca, by Eclipse, dam Betsey Ransom, 1 1

Ro. L. Stevens' ch. c. Mark Moore, by Eclipse, dam Lalla Rookh, 3 2

J. C. Craig's b. f. by Sir Hal, dam Coquette, - 2 dis.

Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 54s.

Third day, purse \$500; three mile heats.

S. Laird's b. c. Mingo, by Eclipse, four years old, 1 1

W. S. Stott's ch. h. Sidney, by Sir Charles, six years old, 3 2

Ro. Tillotson's ch. c. Post Boy, by Henry, four years old, 2 3

J. C. Stevens' gr. h. St. Leger, by Eclipse, five years old, br. d.

Time, 5m. 45s.—5m. 55s.

Second race, sweepstakes for three year olds, mile heats; entrance \$200, forfeit \$50; twelve subscribers; three started.

Ro. L. Stevens' ch. c. Mark Moore, by Eclipse, dam Lalla Rookh, 3 3 1 1

J. H. Wilkes' Dr. Syntax, by Eclipse, dam Saluda, 1 2 2 2

F. McCoun's br. c. by Eclipse, dam by Waterloo, 2 1 3 3

Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 52½s.—1m. 55s.—2m. 1s.

Fourth day, purse \$1000; four mile heats.

S. Laird's b. h. Henry Archy, by Henry, aged, 3 1 1

John C. Stevens' bl. m. Black Maria, by Eclipse, nine years old, 2 2 2

R. F. Stockton's b. h. Monmouth, by John Richards, five years old, 1 3 3

J. Alston's b. h. Daniel O'Connell, by John Richards, five years old, 4 4 dis.

Wm. Gibbons' b. h. Milo, by Monsieur Tonson, five years old, dis.

Time, 7m. 55s.—8m.—8m. 15s.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Sec'y.

TURF REGISTER.

Blooded stock, property of B. Sherrod, Esq. near Courtland, Ala.

1. JEANIE DEANS, fifteen years old this spring, raised by Col. Aldridge of Virginia, was got by Powhatan, (he by imp. Diomed,) her dam Nancy Dawson, by Bonaparte, (he by imp. Highflyer;) grandam by Silvereye; g. g. dam by the Arabian horse Dey of Algiers.

2. CALEDONIA, ch. f. three years old this spring, by imp. Leviathan, out of Jeanie Deans.

3. FARO BANK, ch. f. four years old this spring, by Sir Richard, (full brother to Monsieur Tonson,) her dam by Wilkes' Wonder; g. dam by Grand Turk, (son of Barry's Gray Medley;) g. g. dam by Douglas' Roan, (a son of Comans.) Now in foal by John Lowry.

4. Ch. f. by imp. Leviathan, her dam Misery, by Neal's Sir Archy; g. dam Dial, by Ragland's Diomed; g. g. dam Polly, by Pot8o's; g. g. dam Harriet, by Shark, out of imp. Kitty Fisher.

Cotton Garden, Alab. March 30.

Blooded stock of Jeremiah Cobb, Esq. of Southampton county, Va.

1. The celebrated running mare POLLY COBBS, a well formed ch. mare, fifteen hands high, foaled in 1821; got by the running horse old Sir Hal—imp. old Bedford—imp. h. old Diomed—Rosetta, by (Wilkins') Centinel—Diana, by old Clodius—Sally Painter, by the imp. horse (Evan's) Starling—imp. mare Silver.

Her produce:

1832, ch. f. Haidee, by the running horse Timoleon.

1833, missed to Sir Charles.

1834, ch. f. Zoe, by Sir Charles.

N. B. Put this spring to imported Luzborough, but is not in foal.

All the above are for sale. Apply to the compiler of the American Race Turf Register, Sportsman's Herald, and General Stud Book, free

from postage only, addressed to Woodworth's post office, Granville county, North Carolina.

January 31, 1835.

Blooded stock, property of Thomas Martin, Esq. of Locust Grove, Tennessee.

1. POCAHONTAS, ch. m. fifteen years old, by Pacolet, she was purchased at the sale of the late Benj. Phillips, of Davidson county Tenn., who bred her dam, a bay, by imp. Cœur de Lion; g. dam a gray, by Gray Medley; she was the dam of Gray Archy. See A. T. R. vol. 1, p. 471, adding to the above the imp. Mousetrap, out of the Dorch mare, by old Celer; the Celer mare was selected by A. Dorch, Esq. of Nash county, North Carolina, when in Virginia, expressly for her blood; the best information is received from Mr. Duke W. Sumner, who knew all of them—says she was a first rate runner, never knew her to be beaten; the first three mares were in very high form and repute, and blood-like appearance.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.
DUKE W. SUMNER.

Her produce:

2. ch. f. Lady Jane, by Sappington's Oscar.

3. ch. f. by the imp. Bagdad, dead.

4. ch. f. Maria, by imp. Bagdad.

5. A colt by old Timoleon, he is six years old this spring, five feet three inches, without shoes, and as for feet he is surpassed by none ever raised in this country—much like the old horse.

6. ch. f. by Sir Andrew, the best son of Bagdad, property of Mr. Thomas Foxall.

7. ch. f. by Sir Andrew, property of Maj. Dare.

8. ch. by Crusader, dead.

9. b. c. by Saxe Weimar, fine—now in foal to Saxe Weimar.

Produce of Lady Jane.

1. Ch. c. by Sir Andrew, the property of Dr. John Irvin Nash.

2. Ch. f. by Saxe Weimar, fine. Missed to Sir Richard.

Maria, by Bagdad, in foal to Timoleon, Jr.

Pedigree of Multiflora.

The pedigree of the justly celebrated race mare Multiflora, by Kosciusko, asked for by J. Scott, of Kentucky, from the best information is as follows: Her dam by Roscicrucian; grandam by Young Bedford; g. g. by Arion; g. g. g. dam by Brilliant.

Roscicrucian, by imp. Dragon, out of imp. mare Anvilina.

Young Bedford, by imp. Bedford, out of the Arion mare above. For Arion's pedigree see vol. 2, p. 355, Turf Register,—his stock were remarkable for game. For Brilliant's pedigree see 6th vol. Turf Register, page 158.

Multiflora was never beaten in South Carolina but twice, once by Crusader, and once by Wehawk, both races of two mile heats. She won the four mile day in Charleston, two meetings in succession, and the third day at Columbia, beating the two very fine mares, Polly Hopkins and Phenomena, besides other races in Newbury, Pendleton, and Greenville.

Her dam, with a chestnut colt by Crusader at her side, and her full sister, were bought and carried to Kentucky by Mr. John Atchison.

China Eyed Girl, by Bedford, noticed in a late number of the T. R. (the dam of B. F. Taylor's b. m. Lady of the Lake, by Kosciusko,) out of Melissant, by Arion; g. dam by imp. Obscurity; g. g. dam by imp. Valiant; g. g. g. dam by imp. Fearnought.

China Eyed Girl ran several races, only two of which the writer recollects, both of three mile heats, in which she ran second to Financier, by imp. Buzzard, out of Dorocles.

Rob Roy, whose get have appeared on the turf in South Carolina

and Georgia, was bred by R. Singleton, and was got by Sir Archy, out of imp. m. Pysche. He is a gray.

DUCK FILLY, (sometimes called Maria,) also bred by R. S. was got by Virginus, her dam Sally, by imp. Buzzard; grandam Roxana, (Gen. McPherson bred her,) Roxana, was also the grandam of the famed Clara Fisher, Kosciusko's best daughter.

Duck Filly, five years old, now the property of Mr. John Huger. She was a capital racer. She won at three years old, two three miles and two four mile races, at Camden, Stateburg, Augusta, and Charleston, beating among others the dam of Pilot, Wehawk, Shawnee, Corvisart, and Muckle John. She is the same mentioned in racing memoranda, as having won the three in five races at Charleston, against Tyro and others. T.

Stud of Wm. B. Drake, Big Creek, Shelby county, Tenn.

PLANET, ch. f. foaled 1826, by Pacolet, (son of imported Citizen.) Planet died July, 1833.

Her produce:

1. Harriet Drake, br. f. (formerly Clara Fisher,) by Stockholder, (son of Sir Archy,) owned by Dr. James Hoggatt, and John H. Clopton.

2. Tigranes, ch. c. foaled 1831, by Arab, (son of Sir Archy,) sold to Benj. Clopton.

BELLE CREOLE, ch. f. foaled 1828, by imported Bagdad Arabian. Died May, 1834.

Her produce:

1. A ch. c. foaled 1833, by Sander's Partnership. Died January, 1834.

2. A b. f. foaled 1834, by Peace's Boaster. Died March, 1835.

PET RABBIT, ch. f. by Top, (afterwards castrated,) son of Top Gallant, sire of Madam Tonson,—Gray Goose, by Napoleon, (son of Gallatin, of Georgia)—Young Phoenix, (Top's dam,) by New Market, (son of Fearnought)—Phoenix, (sister to Skyscraper,) by Barry's Gray Medley, out of Polly Medley.

Her produce:

1. Lucullus, c. foaled 1833, by Henry Tonson, (br. to Monsieur Tonson;) for sale, (if applied for soon,) at \$300, not half his intrinsic value.

Missed last spring to Melle Melle, and with him again this spring.

I will thank any person to furnish the pedigree of Napoleon.

WM. B. DRAKE.

GRAY DIOMED, gr. c. foaled 1802, bred by Daniel Barksdale, of Todd county, Kentucky, formerly of Virginia; by imported Diomed—Flag of Truce—Goode's Brimmer—imported Mare, (owned by Dr. Cabell of Virginia, whose pedigree I never obtained.

The above furnished by the breeder,
DANIEL BARKSDALE.

Blooded stock, the propeerty of E. A. D'Arcy.

LAME NETTLETOP, ch. m. bred by Anthony Taylor, Sen'r of Penn. twelve years old, got by the gray horse General Jackson, (also bred by Mr. Taylor,) by Gray Eagle, he by Messenger, General Jackson's dam, (old Matilda was purchased by Mr. Taylor of Bela Badger, Esq. at the same time with the old Nettletop mare. Lame Nettletop's dam, (Young Nettletop, also the dam of Queen Dido, and Marksman,) was by old Duroc, out of old Nettletop, in foal by Barrister.

(Mr. Badger will please give the pedigrees in full of Gray Eagle and Matilda.)

Her produce:

1834, b. f. Riseable, (bred by me,) by Lance.

NATHANIEL S. WIKOFF,
Monmouth Co. N. J.

Feb. 5, 1835.

ROULETTE, b. m. (bred by me,) eleven years old, by Ogle's Oscar, dam (Lady Rock, alias Lady Duroc,) was bred by Mr. Daniel Holmes, of the township of Middleton. I sold

her for \$400, to Mr. John Livingston of New York.—\$1000 was offered and refused for her when in foal by Eclipse, (which foal, however, she lost, when a few months old;) g. dam a full sister to Boxer, and was the dam of the celebrated four mile horse Count Piper, who beat Janette, the full sister of Col. Johnson's Sir Charles, four mile heats, on Long Island, and American Boy, a first rate winner of three mile heats, by imp. Expedition; g. g. dam the famous Royalist mare, bred by my father-in-law, the late Col. Elias Conover, of Monmouth Co. by imp. Royalist—for sale. In foal to Barrister, see Barrister's dam.

Roulette received her name from a singular rolling fall she had in my barn-yard, when coming two years old. In this fall one hinder leg was much injured, and about the time it got well, a ringbone began to appear on the other hinder foot, which had been strained by too much weight for several weeks during her recovery.

BLAZE, b. h. (bred by me,) five years old, by Henry, out of Roulette.

NATHANIEL S. WIKOFF.

Feb. 5, 1835.

PURITAN, b. h. (bred by me,) five years old, by Henry, dam Duretta, by Marshal Duroc; g. dam Royalist mare. (See Barrister's dam.)

NATHANIEL S. WIKOFF.

SYLPH, ch. f. (bred by me,) two years old, got by Lance, out of Puritan's dam.

NATHANIEL S. WIKOFF.

Feb. 5, 1835.

I certify that the b. h. BARRISTER, was bred by me, sixteen hands high, seven years old, got by John Richards, (by Sir Archy,) his dam the noted Royalist mare, (bred by my father-in-law,) the late Col. Elias Conover, of Monmouth Co. N. J. got by imp. Royalist, (she was also the dam of that celebrated race horse Boxer, and grandam of the

celebrated race horses Count Piper, American Boy, Lady Duroc, and others; but was never trained;) g. dam by imp. Magnetic Needle; g. g. dam by imp. Bajazette; g. g. g. dam Selima, by imp. Selim; g. g. g. g. dam the Pacolet mare, imp. by Mr. Heltziemer, of Philadelphia, by Pacolet, he by Blank, out of White-neck, bred by the Duke of Ancaster.

NATHANIEL S. WIKOFF.

Monmouth, N. J. Feb. 5, 1835.

N. B. Taking into consideration size, color, formation, and blood, I think Barrister is superior to any horse I ever saw.

E. A. D'ARCY.

Stud of A. Wherry.

ARIADNE, b. m. by Sir Alfred, her dam by imp. Diomed; g. dam by Randolph's Gimerack; g. g. dam by old Flag of Truce; g. g. g. dam Squaw, by Scott; g. g. g. g. dam Butterfly, by imp. Silvereye; g. g. g. g. g. dam by imp. Othello; g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by imp. Juniper, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by imp. Childers; g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by imp. Dabster, thoroughbred mare.

Her produce:

1834, ch. f. by White's Carolinian. Ariadne died in September, stunted to Luzborough.

ELLA, b. m. foaled 1830, fifteen hands two or three inches high, by Mason's Ratler, her dam Angelina, by Bell's imp. horse Eagle; g. dam by imp. Diomed; g. g. dam by Bel-lair; g. g. g. dam by Lindsay's Arabian; g. g. g. g. dam was Young Kitty Fisher, by the imp. horse Vampire, out of Carter Buxton's imp. mare Kitty Fisher.

She is with the imp. h. Tranby.

REBECCA, a dark br. m. without white, foaled spring, 1824, fifteen hands one or two inches high, by Holliman's horse Buzzard, her dam by Nimble; g. dam by Ranger; g. g. dam was Dr. Dixon's Black Ghost; she by imp. Oscar; Pill Box,

by imp. Pantaloon; Melpomene, by Morton's Traveller; Virginia, by Mark Antony; Polly Byrd, by Aristotle; Young Bonny Lass, by Jolly Roger, out of the imp. mare Bonny Lass, by Bay Bolton, in England.

Her produce:

1835, b. c. by Timoleon, quite large, and as fine a colt as man ever saw.

She is also with Tranby.

Any part or the whole of the above stock is for sale—the subscriber's address, Petersburg, Va.

A. WHERRY.

BUZZARD, the sire of Rebecca, was by the imp. horse Buzzard, out of Mead's Oracle. For Oracle, see Turf Register.

(COPY.)

I hereby certify that NIMBLE, a stallion raised by me, was gotten by Restless,* imp. from England by Mr. Walke, of Princess Ann county. I also certify that agreeably to a certificate given by Wm. Kirby, of whom I purchased the dam of Nimble, that she was gotten by the celebrated horse old Wildair, her dam by Black-and-all-Black; her g. dam by old Fearnought, out of a well-bred mare, the property of a gentleman in Dinwiddie county.

Given under my hand this 12th day of October, 1833.

(Signed,) JNO. R. TODD,

Of Petersville, Isle of Wight co. Va.

RANGER, the full brother of Termagant, was got by Dare Devil, his dam by Pantaloon; g. dam by Aristotle; g. g. dam by old Fearnought; g. g. g. dam by Sober John; g. g. g. g. dam was the late Col. John Baylor's old imp. mare Jenny Dismal.

Extracted from the stud book of the late Col. Benjamin Harrison, of Brandon.

A. WHERRY.

* Restless in the Turf Register, is said to have been imp. by Mr. Lightfoot, which is probably correct, and sold to Mr. Walke.